Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 4, 1961 25 CENTS

MAGIC VIEWS OF SPEED ON SKIS

Gifted Ernie Klack

gets—and gives—only the finest: Carter's knitted boxer shorts

Ernie has an ulterior motive. He has gifts of Carter's knitted boxer shorts ready for Uncle Sebastian, Albert (his brother-in-law) and assorted cousins. And what does Ernie want in return? Carter's knitted boxer shorts! *That way, everybody wins: the* men with the comfort and good looks of these great shorts; their wives with the fact that Carter's new knit boxers never need ironing. And Kris Kringle Klack comes out just fine — with a full year's supply of his favorite shorts.

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

Carter's

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

KNITS *EVERY* UNDERWEAR STYLE —
BRIEFS . . . T-SHIRTS . . . ATHLETIC SHIRTS

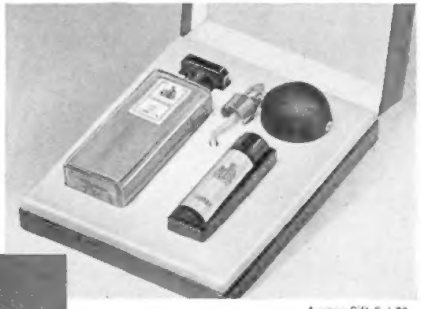
PERSIAN SQUARES PRINT Knit Boxers, $1.75 . . . at these and other fine stores: BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Co. — all stores • CHICAGO, Baskin — all stores • CLEVELAND, The May Co. — downtown and branches • DENVER, Robert Wilson Co. • DES MOINES, Younkers and branches • DETROIT, The J. L. Hudson Co. • FLINT, A. M. Davison Co. • GARY, INDIANA, H. Gordon & Sons • INDIANAPOLIS, L. Strauss & Co. LOS ANGELES, Bullock's — downtown, Westwood, Pasadena, Santa Ana • MILWAUKEE, T. A. Chapman Co. • MINNEAPOLIS, Dayton's • NEW YORK, B. Altman & Co., Wallachs, Franklin Simon • PHOENIX, Goldwater's • SALT LAKE, Z.C.M.I. ST. LOUIS, Famous-Barr — all stores • SYRACUSE, The Addis Co. • WALLA WALLA, Gardner's • WASHINGTON, D. C., Raleigh Haberdasher • WILMINGTON, Kennards

Arpege Perfume Mist $5—200 sprays
Arpege Spray Mist $6—1000 sprays

Arpege Duo Mist $10

Promise her anything but give her ARPEGE

Powdered Arpege $5



Arpege Gift Set $6

Arpege Perfume from $15
(in golden purse flacon
designed by Cartier, $4)

Arpege Eau de Lanvin from $6

LANVIN

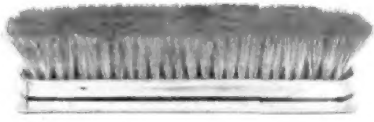
ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

Compare—
before you shine another pair of shoes

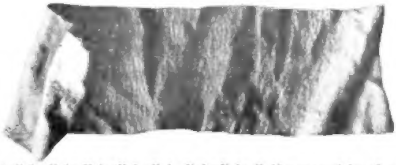
(and please do it before Dec. 25)

BRAND X

Polish: Polish, polish, polish, polish, polish, polish, polish, polish. Gobs and gobs on your shoes, some on your hands, some on your socks, some on the floor.



Brush: Brush, brush, brush, brush, brush, brush, brush, brush. Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Whew! (don't stop now, you're almost done).



Buffer: Buff, buff, buff, buff, buff, buff, buff, buff. If you work hard enough and practice long enough, maybe you can even make it snap (this is a man-size job).

Motor: Hand driven. Gets messy fast. Tires easily. Temperamental. Sometimes just doesn't have any get-up and shine (what good is its lifetime guarantee)

Kit: This old-fashioned shoe shine kit will give your shoes a good shine in just four minutes and is a lot of work. (And how can you give it for Christmas?)

RONSON ROTO-SHINE

Polish: Squeeze on just a dab of polish (special formula Ronson cream black and brown polish cleans and polishes shoes). No rags. No rubbing. No mess.

Brush: Click in the brush (black or brown). Click on the switch. Brush brushes special cream polish smoothly, thoroughly, quickly. No rags. No rubbing. No mess.

Buffer: Click in the buffer (black or brown). Click on the switch. Buffer buffs your shoes to a mirror shine in half the time. No rags. No rubbing. No mess.

Motor: Click on the switch. It's electric, portable, rugged. It never tires. It powers the world's fastest, easiest shine. Children love shining with Ronson Roto-Shine.

Kit: The new Ronson Roto-Shine kit will give your shoes a terrific shine in only two minutes and is a lot of fun. (Doesn't this make a great gift for Christmas?) Roto-shine comes in a handy hardwood box, with black and brown brushes, two buffers, pads, polishes. $23.50* Without wooden box $19.95*

*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE. / ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

RONSON

RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, NEW JERSEY

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Next week

Recalling the football highlights of a quarter century ago, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED honors 25 men who have earned distinction in American professional, business and community life.

As the college and pro football seasons near a climax, Roy Terrell reports on unbeaten Alabama and Tex Maule goes to Milwaukee for the game between the Giants and Packers.

The annual basketball special issue salutes the new college season with vivid paintings of the sport in Indiana, a study of Auburn's famous shuffle and scouting reports on 183 teams.

Give the gift of keeping memories

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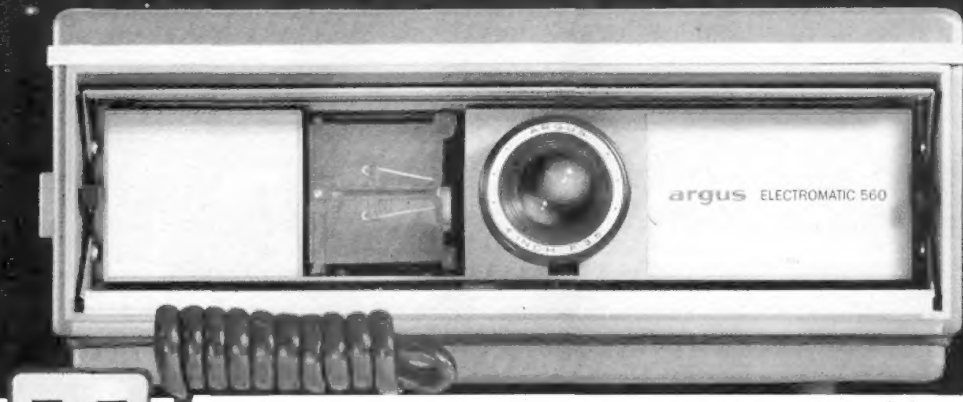

The color-slide projector that gives you fabulous shows at a finger's touch. New Electromatic 560 runs forward, reverses, *even focuses—all by remote control. Makes color slides seem* so real you'll be reliving magic moments again and again. Advanced features include a new "long-play" 60-slide tray. Yours for less than $120.

Only Argus lets you give with such confidence. For only Argus makes this unconditional promise:

The projector that threads itself: Showmaster 500AZ. Just flick a switch and the job is done—automatically! You get home movies that are trouble-free. The zoom lens lets you fill the screen without moving the projector. One simple control for forward, reverse, even for still projection. It's compact, it's portable—and it's less than $100.

Like having a "pro" set the camera for you! New Argus Autronic 35 color-slide camera has an electric eye that sets its own exposures. All you do is the clicking. Slides come out sparkling clear every time. Coupled rangefinder. Famous Cintar lens. Rapid advance lever. Yours for less than $90. Carrying case and flash unit available, too.

ARGUS UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

Argus will repair the product without cost upon its prepaid return to the factory or its authorized repair service by the original owner within one year of the purchase date.

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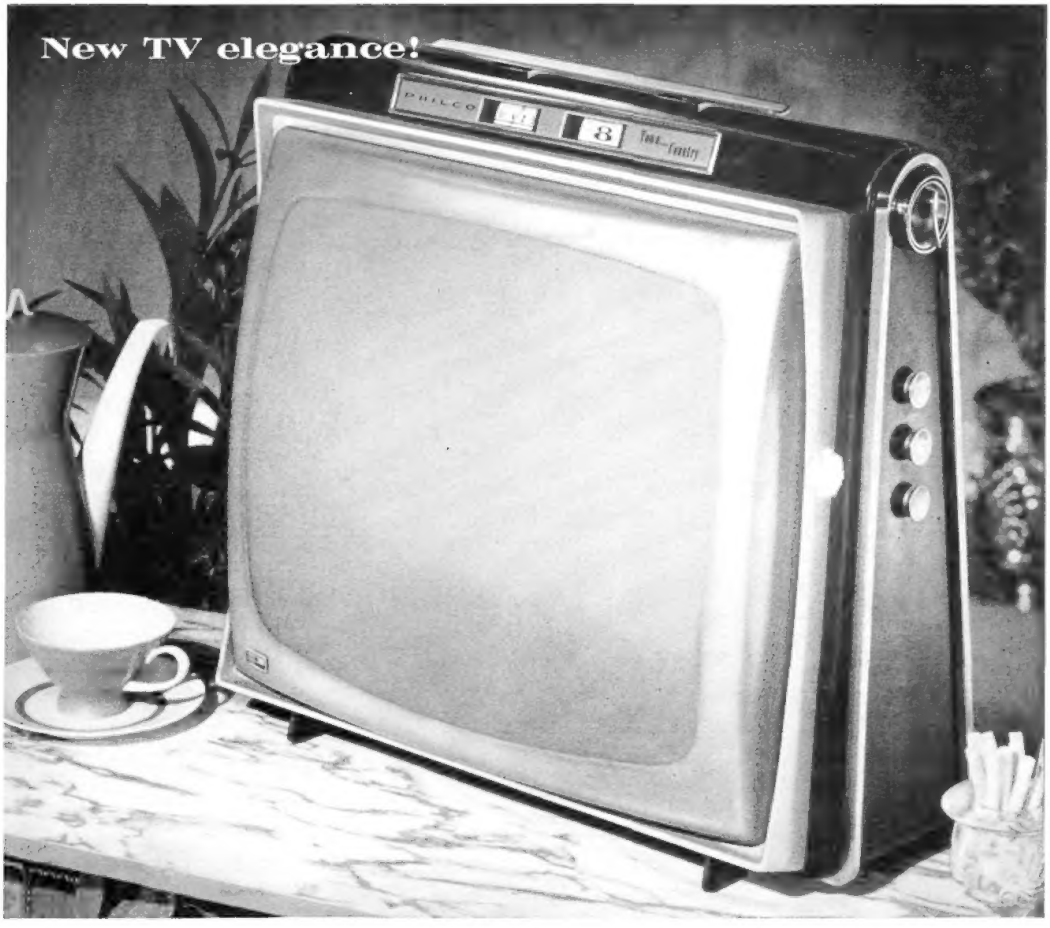


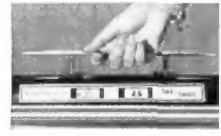
Introducing the World's Finest High-Performance TV

Town and Country by PHILCO

Here's the newest, most beautiful portable TV ever created! No portable ever packed such power, performance, polish! No portable ever boasted such slim, clean, Continental styling. Yet beneath its sparkling black beauty rests the heart of TV's sharpest, most brilliant Vivid Vision picture — the world's finest high-performance portable-TV chassis! Features that portables never claimed before make it so simple to set, change, tote, enjoy. But you must see it *in the metal* . . . you must pick it *up*, set it *down*, spin it *round*, *walk* it, *watch* it! And you must pay a little more for it, too. But, then, there's no finer portable TV made! It's from the creators of "Slender Seventeener" and "Briefcase" TV—it's Town and Country—from Philco!

Top-End Tuning—Sure-acting, solid-sounding, beautiful. Complements tapered, elegant styling! Try it!

Soft-Glo Channel Window—Large, easy-to-read, illuminated station indicator. Visual Volume Control lets you dial preferred loudness every time!



Hideaway Handle telescopes into cabinet when not in use. Sturdy, smooth, comfortable. See it!

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Illustrated—Philco 3244 "Black Beauty," 19" overall diagonal measurement, 172-sq.-in. picture-viewing area. All Philco TV covered by new 90-day Total TV Guarantee—parts, tubes, even service labor, at no extra cost to you!

NEW SKI FACILITIES

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *presents a guide to Midwest ski resorts that have added facilities since last year. New lifts are followed by their length/rise/capacity (skiers per hour); new trails by their length/drop. In addition, the guide lists the person and phone number to call for further information during the season.*

ILLINOIS

CHESTNUT HILLS, Hanover: New area on Mississippi River with Dearborn double chair lift 2,200/425/1,200; eight rope tows; 12 slopes; snow-making equipment; ice skating rink; lodge and chalet with cafeteria, dance floor, ski shop for rentals; parking for 500 cars. Peter Huggler, member of 1956 Swiss Olympic team, directs ski school. Tel. Ken Hansen, Galena 1320.

MICHIGAN

BOYNE MOUNTAIN, Boyne Falls: Edelweiss Lodge has accommodations for 100; skating rink area doubled. Tel. Chuck Moll, Boyne Falls 549-2441.

CABERFAE, Cadillac: Two Doppelmayr T bars 1,600/270/900 and 1,300/220/900; ski school staff increased to 14. Tel. Fred Bocks, Hoxeyville 3F13.

CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN, Beulah: Poma double chair lift 1,900/500/400; shopping center and snack bar at base of lift, snack bar and warming hut at top. Three chalets increase accommodations to 140. Tel. Ed Abbey, Copemish, FR 8-2000.

MT. MANCELONA, Mancelona: Poma double chair lift 1,200/275/100; two slopes 1,200/275 and 1,700/275. Tel. Harold Axtmann, Mancelona, JU 7-7491.

NUB'S NOB, Harbor Springs: Poma double chair lift 1,400/400/850 parallels existing chair lift; all runs widened; snow machinery increased; five housekeeping cottages added to main lodge; ski shop. Tel. Norm Marshall, Harbor Springs 423.

SKYLINE, Grayling: Hall double chair lift 1,800/220/1,150; two slopes 1,800/220 and 1,500/220. Tel. Ralph Morris, Roscommon, CR 5-5445.

continued

How well do you know your geography of Italian wines?

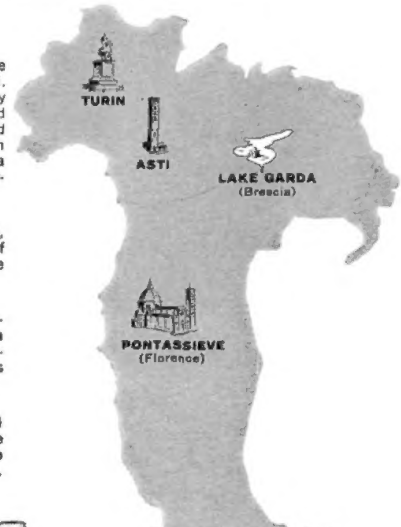
No one country and no one region can claim to be the wine center of the world. However, certain wine centers on the map of Italy are becoming more and more famous for wines that grace the table of the true gourmet. How well do you know your geography of fine Italian wines?

From Lake Garda: the exclusive wines from the House of Folonari. Choice red Bardolino, so delightfully light and refreshing. Valpolicella red *to top off roasts and poultry.* Famed Soave, the soft, dry white wine for fish and chilled foods. Chiaretto del Garda rosé wine a delicacy in itself, the perfect complement to any dinner.

From Pontassieve, near Florence, comes Ruffino Chianti, best-loved of *all Italian wines.* Ruffino is the name that made Chianti world famous.

From Turin since 1835, the first vermouth ever exported from Italy, Cora Vermouth, praised as a cocktail glorifier but lately increasingly popular as an aperitif and on the rocks.

From Asti, the lively, lovely, Cora Asti Spumante. This sparkling white wine is a celebration in itself and does so much for fruit, ices and cheese desserts.



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M1

WISCONSIN

MT. FUJI, Lake Geneva: New area with Japanese motif has nine rope tows, chair lift and two T bars under construction; seven slopes ranging from 700/200 to 1,400/200; lodge with cafeteria, bar and ski shop; private 1,400-foot airstrip, parking for 2,500 cars. Tel. Ed Meltzer, Lake Geneva, CH 8-6553.

MT. WILMOT, Wilmot: Hall double chair lift 1,000/170/1,050; new slope 1,000/170; snow-making equipment increased; cafeteria enlarged. Tel. Walter Stopa, Wilmot, UN 2-2721.

NOR-SKI, Sister Bay: New area with Hall T bar 1,360/226/1,200; three rope tows; seven slopes; ice skating rink; lodge with restaurant and ski shop. Dave Miller is the ski instructor. Tel. Wink Larson, Sister Bay 4411.

ONTARIO

BEAVER VALLEY, Markdale: Hall T bar 1,150/300/1,200. Tel. Mac Rateliffe, Markdale 626 Ring 1-1.

BLUE MOUNTAIN WINTER PARK, Collingwood: Pomalift 2,000/400/1,000. Tel. Jozo Weider, Collingwood 1737.

GEORGIAN PEAKS, Collingwood: Pomalift 1,200/300/1,000; two trails 2,200/300 and 3,000/800. Tel. Bill Whalen, Thornbury 492.

HIDDEN VALLEY, Huntsville: New area with Hall double chair lift 1,500/420/900; three trails 3,000/420, 2,500/420 and 1,100/250. Albert Boley is ski school director. Restaurant and parking lot for 200 cars. Tel. Albert Boley, Huntsville 789-4881.

MONT ST. PATRICK, Dacre: New area with Mueller T bar 2,600/550/400; three trails 5,000/550, 2,600/550, 2,000/550. Restaurant and parking for 500 cars. Tel. Clarence Colterman, Dacre 649-2336.

TALLY HO WINTER PARK, Huntsville: New area at Tally Ho Inn with Pomalift 850/208/700 and rope tow; two trails 1,500/208 and 1,800/208. Snack bar, ski shop parking for 100 cars. Tel. Ted West, Newton 5-2281. **END**

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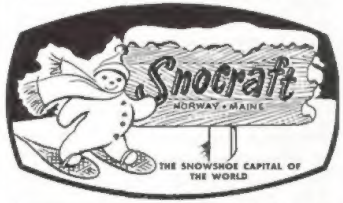

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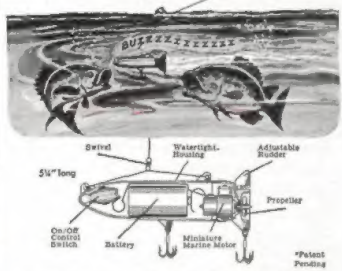

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SKI SCHEDULE

Leading championships and **meets January through March**

DECEMBER 17
Central Senior Jumping Meet, Ely Ski Club, Ely, Minn.

DECEMBER 26-30
Regions I, II and III Alpine Training Camp, Houghton Ski Club, Houghton, Mich.
Cross Country Training Camp, Houghton Ski Club, Houghton, Mich.

DECEMBER 31
Class B Jumping Meet, Sturgeon Bay Ski Club, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

JANUARY 7
Class B Jumping Meet, Milwaukee Ski Club, Milwaukee.

JANUARY 13
Senior Alpine Meet, St. Louis Schussboomers, Pacific, Mo

JANUARY 13-14
Alpine Meet, Nub's Nob Ski Club, Petoskey, Mich.
Region III Open Alpine Meet, Grand Rapids Ski Club, Mt. Mancelona, Mich.

JANUARY 14
Region I Alpine Meet, Mt. Sabi Ski Club, Virginia, Minn.

JANUARY 20-21
Region III Alpine Meet, Caberfae Ski Club, Cadillac, Mich.
Alpine Dual College Meet, Northern Michigan Tech, Marquette, Mich.

JANUARY 21
National Jumping Championship, Norge Ski Club, Chicago.

JANUARY 27-28
Alpine Sub Regional Meet, Wausau Ski Club, Wausau, Wis.
Region III Alpine Meet, Thunder Mountain Ski Club, Boyne Falls, Mich.
Alpine College Championships, Michigan Tech, Houghton, Mich.
Class B Jumping Meet, Glenwood Ski Club, Glenwood, Minn.
Class A Jumping Meet, Black Hawk Ski Club, Black Hawk, Wis.

FEBRUARY 3
Central U.S. Ski Association Cross-Country Championships, Milwaukee Ski Club, Milwaukee.

FEBRUARY 3-4
Alpine Blue Key High School Meet, Houghton Ski Club, Houghton, Mich.
Junior Regional III Alpine Meet, Nub's Nob Ski Club, Petoskey, Mich.
Michigan State College Alpine Meet,

continued

46 SKI HILLS

(including 5 we call mountains)

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Room 6, Box 450, Madison 1, Wis.

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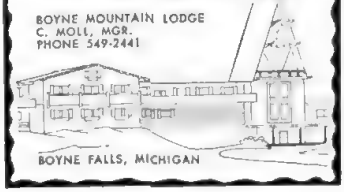

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Every so often, trucks bring hard maple down to our rick yard to be sawed, stacked and burned in the open air. The special charcoal produced is packed tightly in vats 10 feet deep, and our whiskey is trickled in. Ten days later, out it seeps . . . sippin' smooth even before aging. This is Charcoal Mellowing, a slow and costly process. But we believe you'll agree it's worth it, once you've sipped Jack Daniel's.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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SKI SCHEDULE *continued*

Nub's Nob Ski Club, Petoskey, Mich.
Cross-Country Championship Meet, Milwaukee Ski Club, Milwaukee.
Class A Jumping Meet, St. Paul Ski Club, St. Paul.
Class B Jumping Meet, Mesick Ski Club, Mesick, Mich.
Class B Jumping Meet, Rockford Ski Club, Rockford, Ill.

FEBRUARY 10
Alpine Dual College Meet, Houghton Ski Club, Houghton, Mich.

FEBRUARY 10-11
Region I Alpine Regional Meet, Sawtooth Mountain Ski Club, Lutzen, Minn.
Region II Alpine Regional Meet, Milwaukee Ski Club, Wausau, Wis.
Region III Alpine Regional Meet, Grand Traverse Ski Club, Traverse City, Mich.
Class A Jumping Meet, Westby Ski Club, Westby, Wis.
Class B Jumping Meet, Iola Ski Club, Iola, Wis.

FEBRUARY 16
Nordic High School Meet, Houghton Ski Club, Houghton, Mich.

FEBRUARY 16-17
Class A Jumping Meet, Duluth Ski Club, Duluth.
Cross-Country Meet, Duluth Ski Club, Duluth.

FEBRUARY 17
Alpine High School Meet, Houghton Ski Club, Houghton, Mich.
Class B Jumping Meet, Minneapolis Ski Club, Minneapolis.

FEBRUARY 24-25
National 4-Event Championships, South Tahoe Ski Club, Heavenly Valley, Calif.

MARCH 3-4
Alpine Meet, Snow Chase Ski Club, Chicago.
Class A Jumping Meet, Iron Mountain Ski Club, Iron Mountain, Mich.

MARCH 4
National Veterans Giant Slalom Championship, Hochgebirge Ski Club, Franconia, N.H.

MARCH 10
Giant Slalom, Indian Head Ski Club, Ironwood, Mich.

MARCH 10-11
National and USEASA 30-Km. Cross-Country Championship, Pineland Ski Club, Andover, Me.
Junior Jumping Championships, Ely Ski Club, Ely, Minn.
Central U.S. Ski Association Senior Grand Championship, Boyne Mountain, Boyne Falls, Mich. **END**

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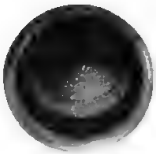

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SCORECARD

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Tropical Park racetrack opened the Florida season on Thanksgiving Day, but $2 bettors were left with little to be thankful for. Saul Silberman, Tropical's president, substituted the $3 daily double for the ancient, revered $2 ticket. Fans have been in anguish ever since. Silberman, who knows a fast buck when he sees one, announced with his customary mathematical proficiency that "the double will now pay 50% more." He neglected to mention that it is equally possible to lose 50% more.

Silberman is ambitious. He would like to see the minimum for all bets raised from $2 to $3. For the reckless he has already opened $50 daily double windows as well as $3 and $10.

Many double addicts like to "wheel" a horse in the first or the second race with all the horses in the other race. Such a maneuver will now cost the poor and downtrodden $36 a throw instead of $24, thus making them poorer and more downtrodden.

We hope Silberman loses his playsuit on this new move, and maybe he will. The daily double pool showed a drop from last year on the first two days of the innovation. The crowds, too, were disappointing, despite fine, warm weather. Maybe not enough people had $3 bills on them.

One Tropical fan, Mario Quintero, said dolefully, "All I know is that up to now I only needed one guy to get a dollar from to bet the double. Now I got to find two guys." William Miller, another Tropical bettor and a horseplayer for 40 years, asked: "Why don't they put vacuum cleaners at the entrance gates and sweep the money out of your pockets on the way in?" Just be patient, Miller.

GANG-UP ON SOUTH SEMINARY

A few months ago we printed a story about Tom Affinito, a graduate student at New York University who had written a term paper on the inane methods by which colleges recruit basketball players. Affinito invented a mythical high school senior, planted fake stories in papers extolling the boy's ability and, presto, recruiters started bidding for him. Consider now the case of David Kent Wells, a 17-year-old senior at Madisonville High in Kentucky. Wells, a halfback, scored 208 points this season and had a rushing average of 235 yards per game, best in the state. Such prowess was bound to attract the attention of football's busy recruiters, and it did. The doorbell began to ring at Wells's brown brick home on South Seminary Street in Madisonville.

Last week, however, college basketball coaches started moving in on Wells, and this bewildered him. The reason for all this is simple, silly and astonishing. In a nationally distributed magazine Wells was listed erroneously as one of the top high school players in the land. "I'm only an ordinary player," Wells confessed. What set the basketball recruiters on Wells's trail was his height as listed by the magazine—6 feet 11. If your grandmother is 6 feet 11 she is going to get visited by the recruiters. So the boys moved in. Alas a little typo is a dangerous thing. Wells is 6 feet.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A MAGGOT

A. Bryant & Co. Ltd., of Thornton, England, advertises in *The Fishing Gazette:*

"The Best Maggots—to suit the angler of knowledge and discernment."

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WELL REMEMBERED

Bill Veeck, one of the all-too-few men who truly understand the game of baseball, its players and fans, appeared on a New York radio show recently and recalled as warm an anecdote as we have heard in a long, long time. It concerns Larry Doby, whom Veeck brought to the Cleveland Indians in 1947 as the first Negro player in the American League.

"I can remember Doby's first time at bat," said Veeck. "He was nervous and hitting against a left-handed pitcher. He swung at three pitches and missed each of them by at least a foot. He walked back to the dugout with his head down. He was so discouraged that he walked right by everyone on the bench and sat in the corner, all alone, with his head in his hands. Joe Gordon was up next and Gordon was having his best year and this particular left-hander was the type that Joe usually *murdered.* Well, Joe missed each of three pitches by at least *two* feet and came back to the bench and sat down next to Doby, and put his head in his hands, too. I never asked Gordon then and I wouldn't ask him today if he struck out deliberately. After that, every time that Doby went onto the field he would pick up Gordon's glove and throw it to him. It's as nice a thing as I ever saw or heard of in sports."

PINOCCHIO'S REVENGE

Eddie Shack is a highly skilled forward who came into the National Hockey League with two imperfections: he had a very large nose and he was illiterate. For two years now, he has been the recipient of some sharp bench-jockeying. When Shack would bust across the blue line toward the goal, inevitably there would come a shout from the enemy bench: "Offside—by a nose!" The kindest remark was "Hey, Pinocchio, don't that thing weigh you down?"

There was nothing Shack could do about his nose, but with private tutoring provided by the Toronto Maple Leafs he set about conquering his illiteracy. We are pleased to provide the following progress report:

The other night Shack's team went

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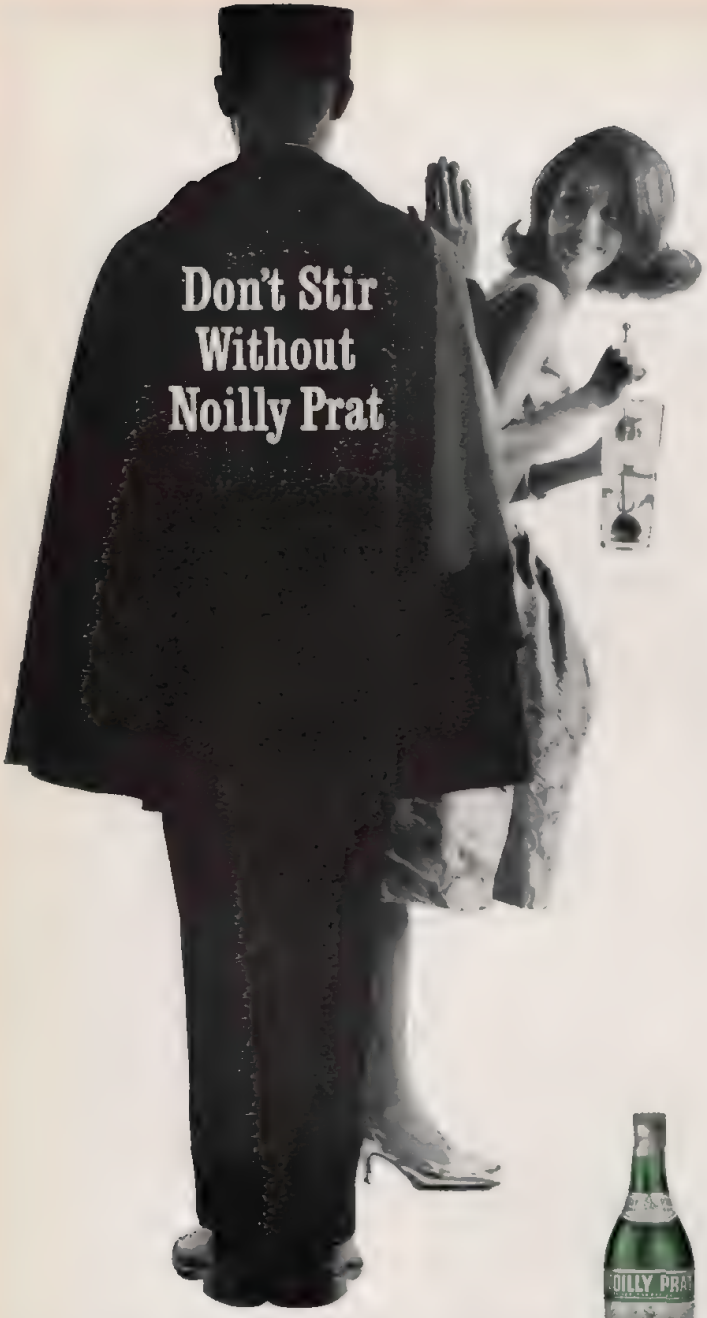

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against the Detroit Red Wings. The shouts—mostly from Detroit General Manager Jack Adams—began. "You can't even spell," yelled Adams. "You're so bright, you can't even read. How do you spell your name, Shack?"

With the score tied 1–1, Shack sunfished through the Detroit line, picked up a rebound and slapped the puck past the Detroit goaler for a tie-breaking score. Then he skated full tilt for Adams' seat, paused dramatically, and said:

"You spell that S-C-O-R-E."

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Elgin Baylor, top scorer for the Los Angeles Lakers of the National Basketball Association, has been given a five-week reprieve from reporting to active duty with the Army. This allows Baylor to play in 23 more games than did his original departure time of Nov. 26. Laker officials estimate that if Baylor had left on the earlier date the team would have lost 60,000 people in attendance and revenue up to $200,000.

• Utah State, unbeaten and once tied this season, is really anxious to get a bowl bid. A representative of State flew to Houston to show the Bluebonnet Bowl selection committee films of State's 1961 games.

• The move of the Los Angeles Dodgers to their new Chavez Ravine park for the 1962 season has inspired the biggest advance sale in baseball history. Walter O'Malley already has orders for more than 12,000 box seats, thus assuring the Dodgers a gate of one million.

THE HOT POTATO

It is no longer big news when an owner of a team in the National Basketball Association fires a coach, and it is not news at all when Ben Kerner of the St. Louis Hawks fires one. Two weeks ago Kerner fired Paul Seymour and promptly replaced him with Fuzzy Levane. Seymour thus became the 17th coach that Kerner has fired in the past 15 seasons. On the surface it would seem that Seymour was fired because the Hawks, heavy favorites to win the Western Division of the NBA, could win only five of their first 14 games. But below the surface is a murky situation involving St. Louis' three superstars—Bob Pettit, Clyde Lovellette and Cliff Hagan.

These three Hawks averaged 71.6 points per game last year and Seymour felt that he could get even more points

continued

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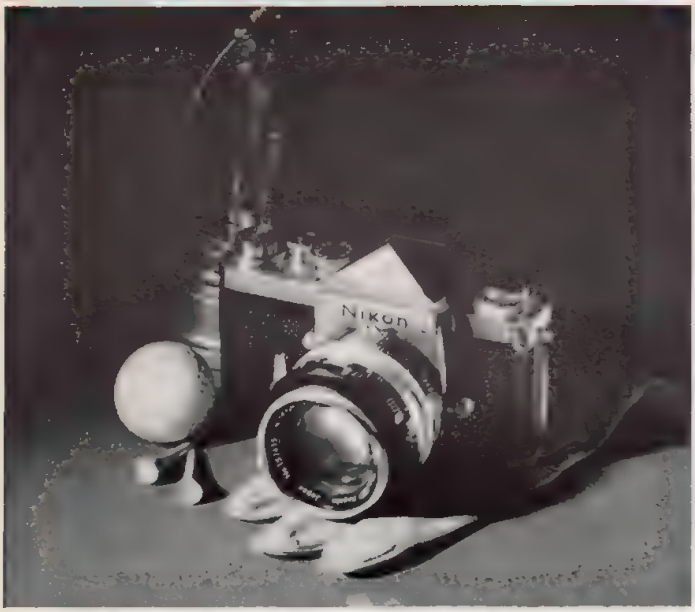

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from them this season (and from the rest of the team as well) by adding rookie backcourtman Cleo Hill to the Hawk starting lineup. The big three, however, didn't care much for this addition. "I took *my* stand on *Hill*," says Seymour, "but they were too strong for *me*. I warned them once [to play along with Hill] during the exhibition season. I told them, 'Now look, the kid is staying,' and they went into their shells."

Apparently Pettit, Lovellette and Hagan believe that Hill, the Hawks' first draft choice, was getting too much publicity. According to both Seymour and Hill, the big three failed to rebound and hustle aggressively when Hill was playing. Cleo Hill, not surprisingly, is a bit confused by this attitude. Last week he said, "I'm not particularly interested in the St. Louis Hawks. I believe I'm on my way out—there's a deal coming up. I'm a hot potato."

GOOD SHOW

Ted Simmonds, 12, is goalkeeper for Nottinghamshire's Worksop Sea Cadets' soccer team, and his performance to date has made headlines in England. Ted, 58 inches tall, has let in 204 goals in eight games (scores: 25-1, 33-0, 28-0, 34-0, 34-0, 11-3, 25-1 and 14-0). One famous pro manager was moved to remark, with typical British reserve: "There's something obviously wrong with the team's defense." But Ted is not giving up. "We'll carry on," he said. "And I'll try to move about a bit more."

THE SPANIARDS RETURN

For years the matadors of Spain and Mexico have been stabbing each other, on some occasions more effectively than either could stab the bulls. Several times conventions have been signed providing for an exchange of performers. In every case something occurred—perhaps only the great success of an "enemy" national—to break the pact of the moment.

The last one was broken in 1957, and neither Mexicans nor visitors to Mexico have seen a Spanish matador since. This has been sad for the North American *afición*, since the best matadors currently are Spanish. Now there is good news. A new pact was signed in Madrid last week. This winter the *Norte Americano* visitor will see Antonio Ordóñez, Luis Miguel Dominguín and other great Spaniards. Nor is that all. The highly informed aficionados of Mexico will at

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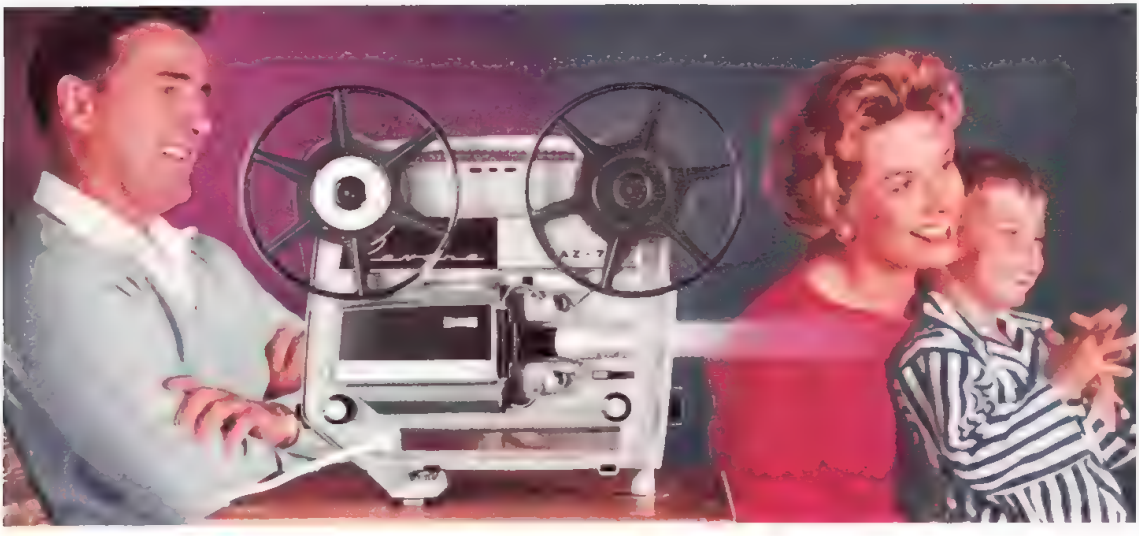

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LEGACY OF A MASTER

It is a long cast from the placid, slow chalk streams of England to the swift and often turbulent trout waters of America, and the arts of fishing them with a dry fly are quite as far apart. It has been fewer than 50 years, some of us were surprised to be reminded recently, since the Second American Revolution further separated the colonies from the mother country, a revolution fathered by a boy-size man named George Michel Lucien LaBranche.

Oddly enough, a European import, the brown trout, inspired LaBranche's development of the American style of dry-fly fishing. More discriminating than the native brook trout, the brown presented problems the American angler did not know enough to solve until, in 1914, LaBranche enlightened him in his classic, *The Dry Fly and Fast Water*. British emphasis on precise imitation of the natural insect, even to the shape of its eyes, was turned by LaBranche into emphasis on precise presentation of the fly.

"He was a superb tournament caster, in both distance and accuracy," his old friend Sparse Grey Hackle recalled last week, "and he was eligible for 'the charmed circle,' an old expression for those who could cast 100 feet with straight fishing tackle, but it was his stream casting that especially distinguished him. His 'tipwork,' by which he insinuated his fly through, around and under branches and stream obstructions, was beautiful to watch.

"LaBranche developed the art of 'reading the stream' so that American anglers would know just by looking at the water where a trout was likely to lie, instead of waiting for a rise and casting to it, as the British do. If there was no hatch he made his own, casting as many as 50 times to where he knew a trout waited."

Along with LaBranche, America produced such giants as Ed Hewitt and Theodore Gordon, fellow students of the trout. They are all gone now, and so is George LaBranche, who died November 18 at 86, his sporting will long since probated on the dancing surfaces of a thousand American streams. **END**

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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 4, 1961

BATTLE OF FOOTBALL'S BEST: THE BOLD GIANTS VS. THE SOLID PACKERS

The New York Giants meet the Green Bay Packers this weekend; the two conference leaders, judging from their last strong victories, may play again on December 31—for the pro title **by TEX MAULE**

Y. A. Tittle, the Giant quarterback, stood outside the Sheraton Cleveland Hotel waiting for a bus. Tittle, who looks like a moderately prosperous insurance broker in his street clothes, answered a question from Cliff Livingston, a Giant linebacker, who looks like a linebacker in his street clothes.

"I figure we'll get you about 30 points," Y. A. said. "How many you going to give them?"

"Less than that," Livingston replied.

They boarded the bus, proceeded to Cleveland's Municipal Stadium and, with the rest of the New York Giants, whipped the Cleveland Browns 37-21, almost as casually as one might have expected from Tittle's and Livingston's discussion of the game.

The victory, coupled with Green Bay's 17-9 conquest of Detroit on Thanksgiving Day, went far toward deciding the championship teams in the Eastern and Western conferences. The Giants are a game ahead in the East, with three to play; the Packers are 2½ ahead in the West, with the same number remaining.

The two teams play Sunday in Milwaukee in what is probably a preview of the championship game December 31. The teams are precisely matched, although their talents differ in some ways. Green Bay has perhaps the soundest ground attack in football, with brutally powerful running from Fullback Jim Taylor and Halfback Paul Hornung. As the Packers demonstrated on the muddy field in Detroit, Thanksgiving Day, they use this bludgeon to set up their passing attack. Bart Starr, the Green Bay quarterback who has developed wondrously since the season began, is not yet as good as Tittle, who has had 14 years in the league, but against Detroit, Starr passed effectively. The weapon that destroyed the Lions was, however, the ground game.

The Giants, on the other hand, used the pass so effectively against a bewildered Cleveland defense that their ground attack on occasion seemed only to be an afterthought. When Tittle did go to Bobby Gaiters or to Alex Webster on running plays, they worked very well. So, obviously, the Giants and the Packers base their offenses on different philosophies. The Packers establish their ground attack to set up their passing. The Giants establish their passing to open up the defense for their running. Both teams have strong offensive blocking, in the line and in the backfield. The difference between the two when they meet Sunday will narrow down to the difference between Starr and Tittle.

In tactical competition, there is little to choose between them. Tittle probably is the more daring and the better long passer; on the other hand, Starr has become a nearly faultless signal caller. He is not as apt as Y. A. to call a successfully unorthodox play, but he is not as likely, either, to have a play backfire. Tittle has the edge in a quality of insouciance that seems to keep the Giant offensive team perked up throughout a game. Against the Browns before 80,455 people, Tittle was as relaxed as if he were running the team in signal drills.

His arsenal of plays consisted merely of seven running

signals and four pass patterns, and he mixed them beautifully. Protected by the sound Giant blocking, he flicked short sideline passes to Del Shofner and Kyle Rote, taking advantage of Cleveland's effort to cover these two exceptional receivers man-on-man up close. When the Browns showed a brief tendency to send their linebackers in after him, he threw a screen to Webster for a long gain. Once, from the Cleveland five-yard line, he faked a hand-off up the middle to Gaiters, then concealed the ball on his hip and skipped sprylv around the Cleveland end to score the touchdown himself.

When he discovered, during the first half, that the Brown defense against running was keyed on Webster, he used Webster as a decoy and broke Gaiters loose for several comfortable gains. And always, when the Giants needed a gain badly, he went back to his favorite and most effective weapon —the pass.

Tittle called what might best be termed an audacious game and called it so well that almost every time the Giants got possession of the ball in the second half they scored. He picked precisely the moment to call an option pass play with Gaiters throwing; this was in the third quarter, with the Giants leading 20–14 and the outcome of the game still very much in doubt.

On the Giants' preceding series, Gaiters had fumbled the ball to Cleveland on the Giant 22; the Giant defense took the ball back four downs later on the Giant 31. Tittle tested Cleveland's defense by sending Webster up the middle for four yards, checking to make sure they were still keying on Alex. Then he hit Shofner on the sideline for 15 more, taking advantage of the Browns' man-on-man coverage.

With first and 10 on the 50, Tittle called the Gaiters pass. The rookie back had thrown twice this season, both times for touchdowns. Now he took the ball from Tittle, swung wide to his right behind a thin screen of blockers, then stopped and lobbed a wobbly pass back across the field to Webster, who stood alone on the Brown 30. Webster had to wait for the ball, giving the Cleveland defense time to recover, or the play might have gone for a touchdown. As it was, it set up the touchdown that put the Giants out of reach. Again Tittle made an unusual call on the touchdown play. He sent Gaiters wide again from the Brown 11-yard line. The Cleveland defenders, wary of another pass, dropped off too far, and Gaiters, cutting beautifully, went in for the touchdown.

The game Starr called for the Packers to beat Detroit 17–9 was not as daring. He was handicapped by the rain and the poor footing, and although he is a quarterback who appreciates very well his team's strong running, he is not as apt to gamble as is Tittle. Starr smashed away methodically at the Detroit Lion line with Taylor and with Hornung. When the Lions pulled in to stop the running, he threw capably, and once fooled the Lions with a long pass to Max McGee that set up the first Packer touchdown.

The first Packer touchdown came on an 80-yard march, the second on a 60-yard drive. In each case, the Packers kept moving principally on the running of Taylor and Hornung, with enough passing interspersed to take advantage of an overcommitted defense. Starr, as he has all year, used the play pass deftly. This is a maneuver that develops off what is ostensibly a run, and it is peculiarly well fitted to the Green Bay offense. To set up the second Packer touchdown, Starr faked to Taylor into the line on the Lion 26, then flipped a 22-yard pass to the Detroit four. Both Packer touchdowns, incidentally, were scored by Taylor from the one-yard line on pure power plays.

Offensively, then, if either team has an edge, it may be the Giants on Tittle's margin of experience. Should both of the front-line quarterbacks be injured, again the edge would go to the Giants with Charlie Conerly, who is a more experienced tactician than Green Bay's King Hill.

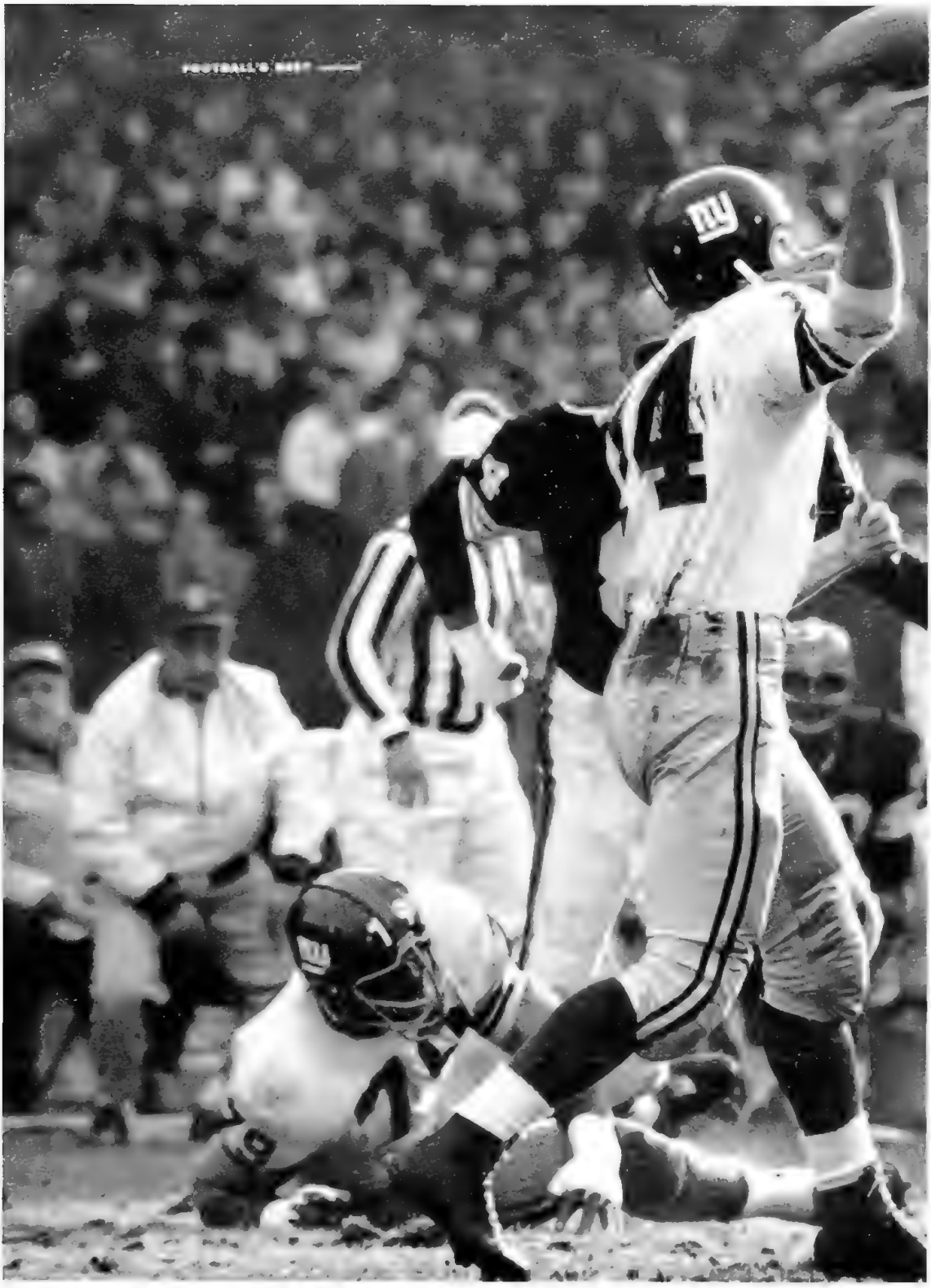
Defensively, the two teams are evenly matched. This makes sense since in pro football there is very little variation in the defenses of teams with sound personnel—and there are no sounder defensive squads than the Giants' or the Packers'. Neither New York nor Green Bay is much given to the bewildering complexity of defenses that mark a team like the Chicago Bears. Neither team has to rely on stunts.

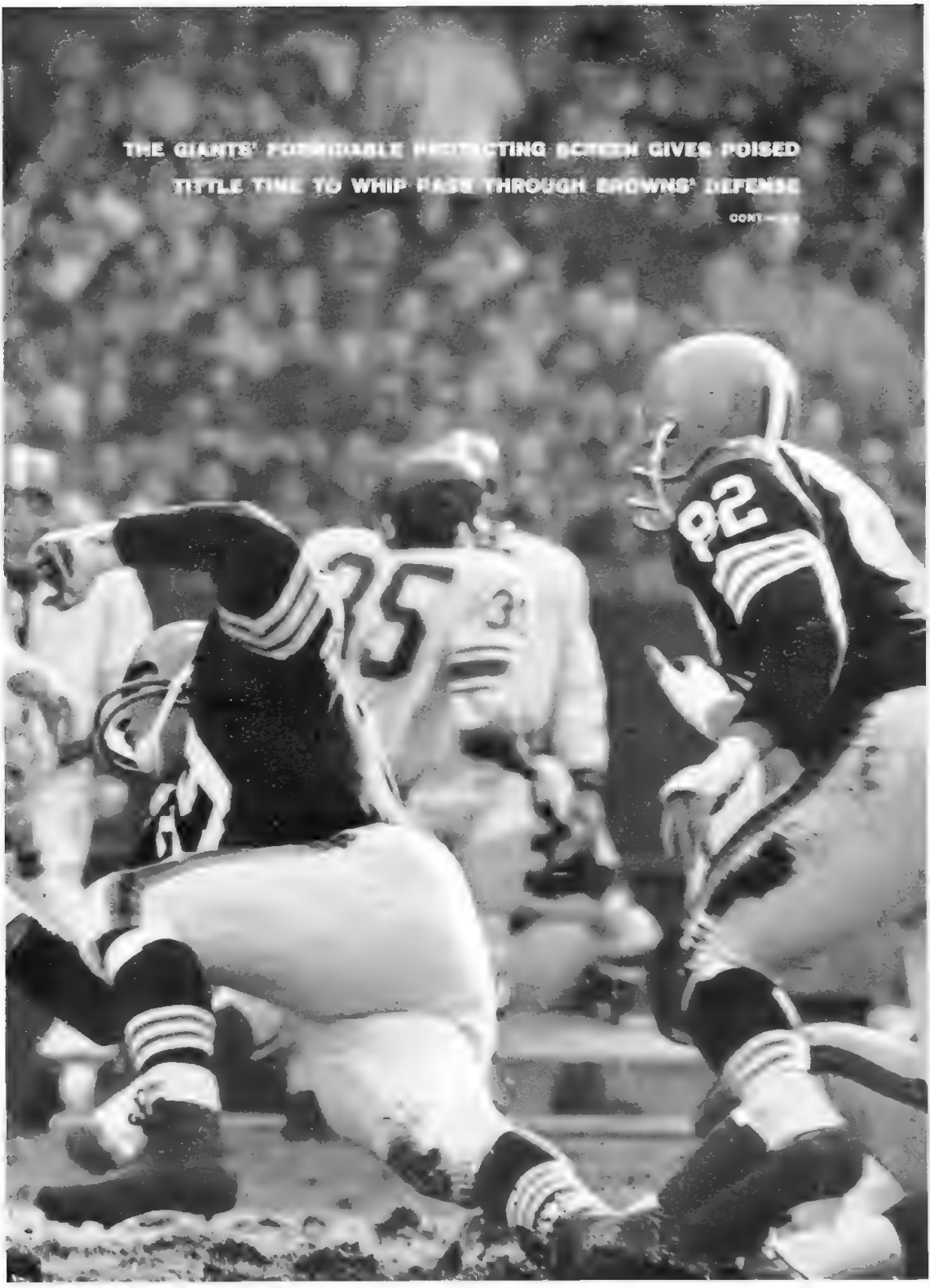
The Giant defense, which has played together as a unit longer, probably adjusts better during a game to any surprises an opposing team springs on them. They had to do little adjusting against Cleveland; although Paul Brown has varied his offense more this year than in previous seasons, most of it was still as familiar as ever to the Giant defenders.

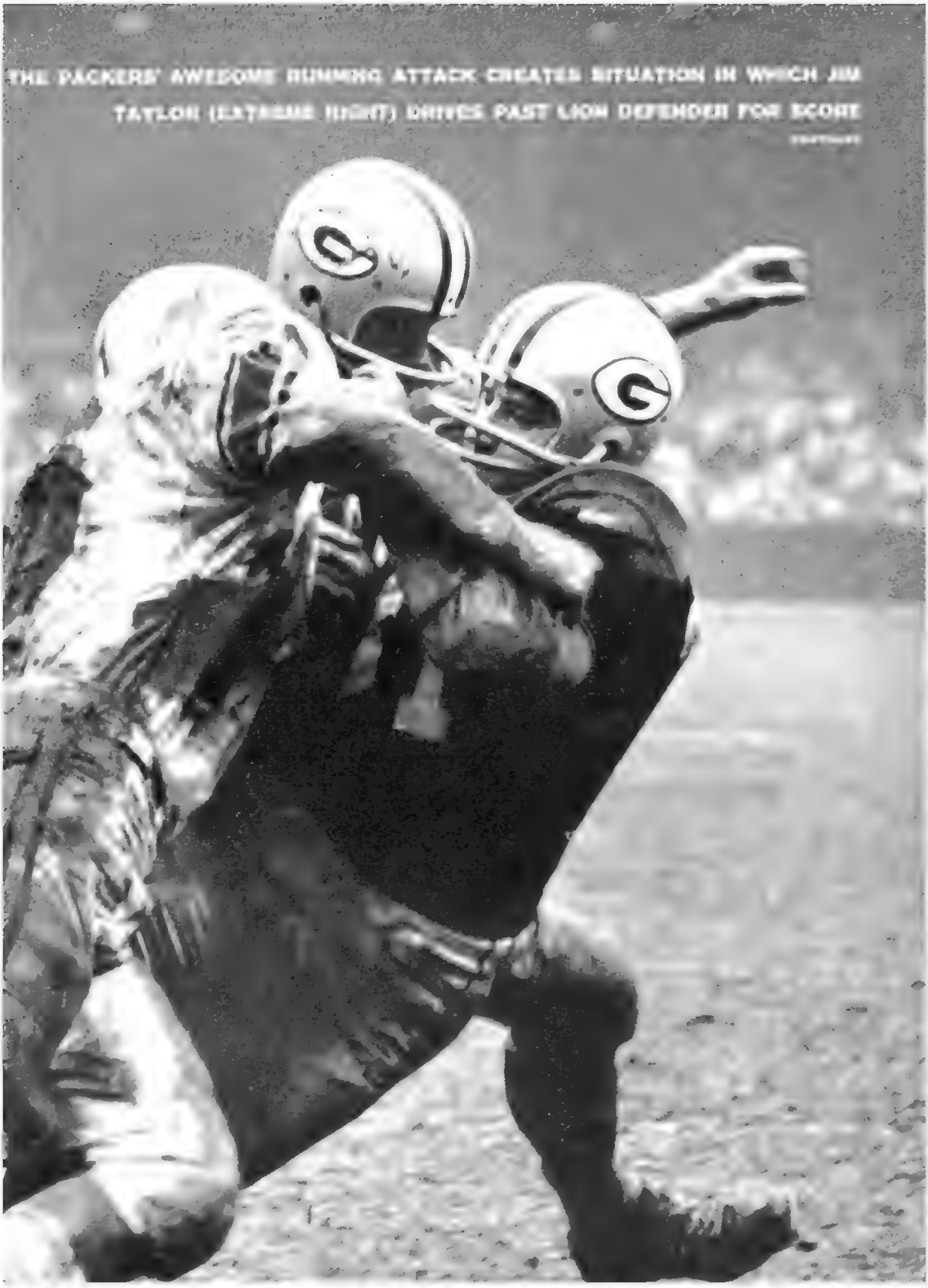
"They try to beat you on execution," Sam Huff said. "They didn't do anything we hadn't seen before."

The Browns tried, tentatively, to advance through the middle of the Giant line two or three times, but gave that up very soon when they discovered that the two Giant tackles—Dick Modzelewski and Roosevelt Grier—closed

ON THE NEXT FOUR PAGES ARE ACTION PICTURES THAT DEMONSTRATE THE STRENGTHS OF THE TWO TEAMS. THE TEXT IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 30




THE GIANTS' FORMIDABLE PROTECTING SCREEN GIVES POISED
TITTLE TIME TO WHIP PASS THROUGH BROWNS' DEFENSE
CONT—
82



THE PACKERS' AWESOME RUNNING ATTACK CREATES SITUATION IN WHICH JIM TAYLOR (EXTREME RIGHT) DRIVES PAST LION DEFENDER FOR SCORE

the middle very effectively. For a while during the first half, the Brown running attack was based almost entirely on trying to sweep the Giants' ends.

The Browns had some success with Jim Brown going wide, but the Giants made a small adjustment at the half, spreading Ends Jim Katcavage and Andy Robustelli a bit wider, and cut off this small avenue, too.

The only flaw in the Giant defense against the Browns was the one that the New Yorkers can best afford when they meet the Packers' deep passes. Starr is not an exceptionally good long thrower. Ray Renfro, the best Brown receiver, broke free twice against the left side of the Giant secondary defense, weakened recently by the loss of veteran Dick Nolan. Both of the newcomers to the Giant defense are on this side –Erich Barnes as the corner back and rookie Allan Webb as the safety. Once Renfro broke deep behind Webb to take a 43-yard pass for a touchdown. Again he beat the Giant defense for a 57-yard pass that set up the second Brown touchdown.

Both of these, however, came in the first half. In the second half the Giants were waiting for Renfro. He caught more passes, but no more long passes. In fact, so well did the Giants cut off this profitable Brown gambit that Barnes, obtained by the Giants in a trade with the Chicago Bears, intercepted one of Len Dawson's passes intended for Renfro in the fourth period and returned it for the final Giant touchdown.

Both the New York and Green Bay defensive teams are equipped with four very large, very strong front-line defenders; the Giants have bigger tackles, the Packers bigger ends, but the quality is almost exactly the same. The Giants, depending less on a ground game than the Packers, may not be hampered as much by the Packer line as Green Bay will be by the Giants'. Against Cleveland, the Giants allowed only 66 yards running, and Jim Brown, the league's leading rusher, and Bobby Mitchell, who makes something of a specialty of long, flashy runs, are at least as good as Taylor and Hornung. The parallel between the Cleveland runners and the Green Bay pair goes even further; Mitchell, who has been commuting from an Army camp to play with the Browns on Sunday, looked rather rusty and unsure of himself against the Giants. Hornung, who does the same thing for the Packers, seemed to have lost some of his keenness against the Lions.

The two teams probably have the two best sets of linebackers in football: the Packers have been hurt here by the loss of Middle Linebacker Ray Nitschke to service, but Tom Bettis, his replacement, is only a shade behind Nitschke. At this particular spot, of course, the Giants have the ubiquitous Sam Huff. The corner backs for Green Bay are Bill Forester and Dan Currie, both big, with good reactions and superior intelligence. The same can be said for the Giants' Cliff Livingston and Tom Scott.

It is in the secondary defense that the Packers appear to have a small plus. The loss of Nolan, while not a disaster on the scale of the broken leg suffered by the Philadelphia Eagles' Tom Brookshier (it apparently demoralized the whole defense), is still a sore loss, as the Browns showed last Sunday. Allan Webb, the rookie who is playing in Nolan's place, does very well. But there is an old pro axiom that a rookie in the secondary costs a touchdown a game, and in Webb's case it is true. Webb is improving, but certainly Starr will try to take advantage of him just as Milt Plum did. The other Giant deep defenders –Jim Patton, Jim Lynch and Erich Barnes—are superb. The four Green Bay deep backs have played together long enough to cohere into a unit as good as the Giants—and they have no replacement to break in.

Finally, there is the coaching. Lombardi, in three years at Green Bay, has produced a remarkably sound football team with no weak spots. The Packers never beat themselves and never –or almost never– make mistakes. His offense, for good reason, is not as spectacular as the Giants', but in its own tough way it is as good.

Allie Sherman, in his first year as head coach of the Giants, has refurbished what was a somewhat pedestrian offense and given it wonderful éclat. He seems to be more of a gambler than Lombardi. So far he has been a very successful one.

After the Brown game, in the bus on the way to the airport, Sam Huff said, "In the end, it comes down to one thing. Man against man. The best ones win."

The best ones on a given day, that is. **END**

VIOLENT DEFENSE by the Giants brings Cleveland's Jim Brown to flying halt at the feet of Jim Patton (20), moving in to assist.

IMAGINATIVE ALLIE SHERMAN (LEFT) OF GIANTS PITS TEAM AGAINST VINCE LOMBARDI'S METICULOUSLY COACHED PACKERS

DEVELOPING CRISIS IN PRO GOLF

The crowds are larger than ever and the money is rolling in, but the PGA has serious problems which it is too timid to face

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Next month the 80 or more professional golfers who follow the tournament trail steadily for the first three quarters of the year will tee off in the Los Angeles Open to begin the 1962 tour. During the course of the year they and the several hundred fairly obscure pros who join them from time to time undoubtedly will set new course records, attract greater crowds than ever and may even develop a promising new golfer to threaten Gary Player, Arnold Palmer and Doug Sanders, this year's leading money winners. The box office gross for the 48 tournaments will be somewhere in excess of $2.5 million, and the pros will divide up more than $1.7 million of that in prize money. They will also stage countless exhibitions for fees of up to $2,000 apiece, play in many pro-amateur tournaments on their off days (where the pot can be as full as $10,000) and take home another $250,000 or so, the total they made this year from their various television shows.

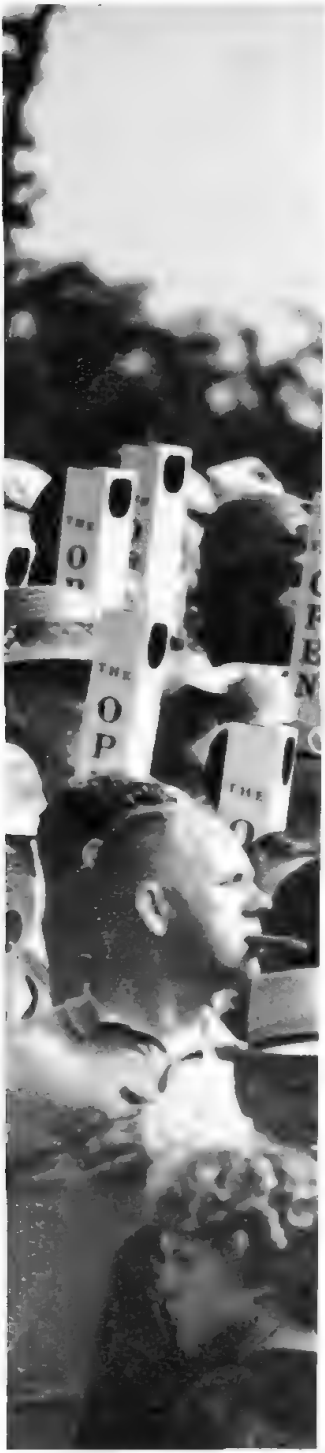
The outlook for the playing members of the Professional Golfers' Association could hardly be rosier. Indeed, it may be too rosy. For there are several important problems facing the PGA, and just at a time when members of that organization could and should be finding adequate solutions and exploring the future boldly they seem perfectly content to rest complacently on their collective haunches and wait for more money to roll in.

This distressing tendency may lead to disappointments. For instance, the growing interest in golf everywhere means that more and more people want to watch the pros, and yet nothing is being done to accommodate the steadily growing crowds. Even at the Augusta National, a course purposely designed to accommodate large galleries, it is becoming virtually impossible for more than a fraction of the audience to see a popular pairing.

The PGA and its tournament sponsors soon will have to forgo the vast new audience they are developing or invent a better way for several thousand people to follow a single golf match (grandstands bordering the fairways, perhaps, with closed-circuit television bringing in the action from elsewhere on the course).

Another imminent problem for the tour is the lack of really first-rate courses on which the tournaments can be held. In Houston, for example, a city where there are half a dozen splendid courses, the tour plays on a flat, unimaginative and poorly groomed public course because the private clubs either don't have adequate facilities or don't care to have their grounds trampled by the galleries. There is talk in Houston of building a course specifically for the tour with vantage points for the gallery and all the necessary accommodations for servicing a large crowd, but it would cost around $3 million to complete. At least half the cities on the tour are in the same fix, so it is going to take a lot of initiative and gumption on the part of the PGA to get these projects under way.

OVERFLOW CROWD AT THIS YEAR'S OPEN



STRAINS VAINLY FOR GLIMPSE OF ACTION

There is also the question of new talent. Among this year's 25 leading money winners, only Jacky Cupit and Dave Hill, who are in 18th and 22nd place respectively, can genuinely be considered fresh faces. It takes years to develop stars like Palmer and Player, and yet the PGA leaves it to chance that colorful young performers will come along to replace them. There has been sporadic talk of splitting the tour—as is done for a few brief weeks during the winter when some of the lesser names take a swing through the Caribbean—but unless there is more opportunity for young players to win money, few of them are likely to endure the years of sacrifice it now takes to get in the profit column. Even so, the PGA must fight a constant battle to keep the money distributed as broadly as it is now, for the sponsors always want a bigger winner's purse to add to the excitement.

Just when these and other problems of the future needed some determined and farseeing direction, the PGA parted company with the only true impresario the tour has ever had. J. Edwin Carter is his name, and he is an ebullient, rotund and bald-headed man of 55 who, for all his faults—and plenty of pro golfers will spend hours of your time listing them—is a showman who knows how to squeeze the last dollar out of pro golf. It was he who developed the kind of heavyweight program that sells for $1 at the PGA and U.S. Open tournaments, full of local advertising "sandbagged" out of loyal club members. It can produce a profit of as much as $50,000.

During Carter's five years as tournament director for the PGA he increased the number of weekly tournaments from 41 to 48, the prize money from $800,000 to this year's $1.7 million and the estimated gate from $1.8 million to $2.5 million. The principal reason Carter left, aside from the fact that his bustling personality clashed with some of the slower-footed PGA officials, was that he was earning some $100,000 a year from the proceeds of the tour. This breaks down to $39,000 in salary and expenses plus a 5% to 10% cut of some of the gates and 15% of the ad revenue from the program.

Carter's replacement is Jim Gaquin, a tall, bespectacled Bostonian who talks his cah when he talks and has built a reputation as the best friend the American golf writer has ever had. Gaquin was in charge of the press tent at all PGA events throughout the Carter regime, and nobody in the thankless job of public relations was ever more patient, accommodating or knowledgeable about his work. "That's the first birdie scawed on a par-4 hole longer than 445 yards since January 27," Gaquin would call out to the clutter of reporters bent over their typewriters as the report of rounds in progress came into the press tent, or "That's the fewest putts taken on a cahse east of the Mississippi since the Whatnot Open of 1959." Gaquin did not have to look up these obscure statistics; he has a thousand of them, and they're as familiar to him as the indigestion he gets from the hash houses where he and his pretty blonde wife Lois used to eat after they saw the last reporter safely on his way at the close of a golfing day. Gaquin is an extremely modest, almost diffident man with none of his predecessor's aggressiveness. For all his detailed familiarity with the records of golf, he lacks Carter's flair for showmanship, so it can only be assumed that the PGA put this likable man in Carter's job in order to preserve the status quo.

Actually, the PGA itself is scarcely the organization to run the professional golfing show, and the fact that it does so is simply an evolutionary accident. The PGA was originally formed some 45 years ago as a union of teaching pros, and it wasn't until the late 1920s when some adroit players like Hagen and Armour, *et al.* began to attract crowds—that the PGA seriously took up the business of managing tournaments other than its own championship. Nowadays, with a PGA tournament scheduled for nearly every week of the year and weekly TV commitments to boot, the playing pros are quite obviously in show business and could use a Barnum or a Ziegfeld to promote their troupe and exploit its future. **END**

Get Trim

Miss Dolores Wettach, the young lady with the towel around her head in the picture at the left, is pulling forward as hard as she can on the ends of the towel while she pushes her head back, also just as hard as she can, against the middle of the towel. This, at first glance, looks like a novel way to tense up and accomplish nothing. In actuality, without moving, merely by creating tension, Miss Wettach is doing a lot. She is developing a stronger and—what is probably more important to her—a trimmer neck. In exercising her neck in this curious way and in stretching and tensing other muscles as shown here and on the following pages, Miss Wettach is using the particular magic of the technique known as isometric contraction. After a

For a sturdy back *(left)*: 1) Sit on stool several inches from wall. Keep spine straight, abdomen in, feet firmly on floor. 2) Thrust arms downward, squeeze shoulder blades together. 3) Keeping elbows straight, press palms as hard as possible against wall until tension is felt directly between shoulder blades. 4) Hold six seconds, relax one second. Do three times.

For strong shoulders *(right)*: 1) Sit on stool in doorway. Keep spine straight, abdomen in, feet firmly on floor. 2) Raise the arms overhead in V, placing hands outside door jamb, palms facing. 3) Keeping elbows straight, pull in with open palms as hard as possible until tension is felt in upper shoulders. 4) Hold six seconds, relax one second. Do three times.

For a taut trunk *(far right)*: 1) Sit on stool in middle of doorway. Keep spine straight, abdomen in, feet firmly on floor. 2) Raise the arms overhead in V, placing hands inside door jamb, palms facing. 3) Keeping elbows straight, push out with backs of hands as hard as you can until tension is felt in upper sides. 4) Hold six seconds, relax one second. Do three times.

and Strong in Seconds

by GEORGE WALSH

Now everybody can utilize the magic of isometric contractions. It takes only 10 minutes a day

month she will feel—and even look—better all over.

In the past two or three years the isometric principle has been tested and approved by a variety of competitive athletes (SI, Oct. 30). It is just now catching on as an equally worthwhile technique for ordinary men and women who somehow never can find the time for regular exercise. The new technique has a special virtue: most of the best isometric exercises take little time and no special equipment. To firm up her neck muscles, for example, Miss Wettach merely exerts pressure for six seconds, then relaxes for one second. She does this exercise only three times for a total of 20 seconds.

Dr. Jay Bender, one of the physical education experts who advocates isometric exercise for everybody, serves as fitness consultant to the Pittsburgh Pirates and the San Francisco 49ers. As a professor at Southern Illinois University, he actually spends most of his time studying how the nonathlete can put his muscles to use. The 10 exercises demonstrated by Miss Wettach are the ones Bender believes can do the most good for the sagging forms of the deskbound executive and the housebound wife. These exercises take less than 10 minutes a day and require only simple props.

Bender's 10 exercises do not affect all the muscles of the body but instead concentrate on those that get little use in normal living. To perform isometric contractions, the necessary pushing or pulling must be done as strongly as possible. When stretching, the body should be extended fully. Tension must be felt in the exact area indicated. (Some isometric exercises require such precision they can only be done under expert supervision, but the strengthening and stretching exercises that Bender recommends here can be learned quite easily—they affect large muscle groups, and the need for precision is not so great.)

Isometric exercises will not, of course, do the whole job if it is a big and neglected job. They will not help a nondieter lose weight nor will they increase stamina. But they *will* take off inches and increase strength. Any conscientious man or woman who spends 10 minutes on isometric exercise every day is assured noticeable improvement within a month.

CONTINUED

Few men or women care to maintain the ramrod posture of a West Pointer, but all would like an appearance at least better than that of a slouching gargoyle. Trimming the waistline, as shown at the bottom of this page, obviously improves posture. Another less obvious but equally important exercise is the hamstring stretch shown below. Hamstrings that are tight for want of regular vigorous exercise promote an abnormal tilt of the pelvic girdle: a sagging abdomen results.

For supple legs: 1) Cross right leg behind left leg so that feet are parallel. 2) Fold arms, bend deeply from waist (*above left*). 3) Extend arms downward, touch the floor (or as close as possible) just to the left of the right foot with fingertips of both hands (*above right*). Tension should be felt behind right knee in the hamstrings. 4) Hold six seconds, relax one second. Do three times. 5) Reverse legs and repeat exercise. (Anyone who finds this exercise painful should consult a physician before continuing it.)

For a trim waistline: 1) Lie on a hard or a semihard surface (a hard mattress will do) with the muscles of the abdomen completely relaxed (*left*). 2) Breathe in deeply, pushing the abdomen out as far as possible (*center*). Hold one second. 3) Exhale fully, pulling the abdomen in as tightly as possible (*right*). Hold six seconds. Do six times. Done consistently, this exercise can take from

For limber shoulders: 1) Stand in the middle of doorway. Raise the right hand overhead, resting hand against top of door frame (If doorway is too high, place hand against side of door jamb.) 2) Lean as far forward as possible, keeping the shoulders even and the knees locked, until tension is felt in the shoulder joint. 3) Hold six seconds. Relax one second. Do three times. 4) Place the left hand on top of frame and repeat exercise.

one to three inches off the abdomen in a month's time. The contractions can also be done in a sitting position (*e.g.*, while working at a desk or while driving a car). They can even be done in a standing position. Ideally, this isometric exercise gets the individual into the habit—no matter how sedentary his occupation may be—of keeping his abdominal muscles tight at all times.

CONTINUED

While both sexes may profit from them, the three exercises on this page are of greater value to women. One of them, stretching the heel cord, offsets the foreshortening of the calf muscle induced by wearing high heels—and the discomfort that results when a girl wears flats. The other two exercises firm up the muscles in the back of the arm and in the thighs and are, naturally, of special worth to those women who want to improve their looks in bare-armed evening dress and in bathing suits.

For pliant calves *(right)*: 1) Step forward with right foot. 2) Bend right knee as far forward as possible, keeping left heel flat on floor until tension is felt first in calf muscles, then in heel cord. 3) Hold six seconds, relax one second. Do three times. 4) Step forward with left foot and repeat the exercise, keeping the right heel flat on floor

For firm thighs *(above)*: 1) Stand with feet comfortably apart. 2) Pull in the abdomen and tighten buttocks. 3) Keeping the knees locked, try to pull thighs toward each other. Continue pulling the thigh muscles in this manner until tension is felt. 4) Hold six seconds. 5) Relax the thighs, the buttocks and the abdomen. Do three times

For lithe arms *(left)*: 1) Sit on stool or chair, keeping the spine straight, abdomen in, feet flat on floor. Place fists, palms facing, on table. 2) Keep forearms as parallel as possible to floor, elbows close to sides. 3) Press down with fists on table until tension is felt in back of upper arms (the triceps muscles). 4) Hold six seconds, relax one second. Do three times

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PAUL MASSON DESIGNS A REMARKABLE TABLE!

And now that we've used it to display our remarkable variety of award-winning* California table wines, we'll be delighted to send the table to you or any friend of yours who can figure out the best way to utilize all of its special features. As you can see, it has three deep drawers like the one balancing the pretty glass under our four outstanding red table wines *(Burgundy, Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Gamay Beaujolais)*, a trim brass guardrail running behind that level to the right side *(Chablis, Pinot Chardonnay, Chateau Masson)*, a dandy secret slide-out shelf under the center niche *(Rhine Wine, Rhine Castle, Emerald Dry, Riesling)*, and an inlaid cupboard with adjoining corkscrew holder across from the mezzanine shelf *(Vin Rosé Sec, Dry Sauterne)*.

**Please note the blue ribbon. All of these wines won high awards!*

Dear Paul Masson Vineyards, Dept. S, Saratoga, California:

☐ I feel I deserve to win the unique table pictured above since it is exactly what I've always needed for reasons enclosed (or mailed separately). I understand your contest ends April 1, 1962 and is void where prohibited by law. However:

☐ Please send me your free booklet that explains all about table wines whether I win the table or not.

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TEXAS MAKES SOME BIG DEALS

HOUSTON'S BEN FAIN PLAYS WINNING HAND FROM WHEELCHAIR, WITH PARTNER JOHN GERBER, AGAINST L.A.'S DEFENDING CHAMPS

Through three top tournaments the eyes of the bridge world have been on Houston, where home-town talent has excelled

by CHARLES GOREN

Drawings by John Groth

The city of Houston last week proved its claim to be the bridge capital of the U.S. In the course of two tournaments there, I saw ample demonstration of what my old Texas friends John Gerber, Paul Hodge and Ben Fain have long been telling me: that the country's best bridge is played in that state.

Houston's eight-man team beat Los Angeles in the 80-deal Intercity Challenge Match for the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophy, 159 to 130 International Match Points. But even before that event had begun, Houston had placed two playing members, G. Robert Nail and Mervin Key, on the U.S. 1962 International Team, as a result of the five-day, 15-match trials. As a final honor, the non-playing captaincy of that team went to the 54-year-old Gerber, whose table skill and player judgment had been clearly established when he starred as a member of the U.S. group that finished second to World Champion Italy in the international competition in Buenos Aires this spring (SI, May 1).

In the intercity match, Los Angeles was represented by Internationalist Lew Mathe and five holdovers from the powerhouse that had defeated New York's

continued

A

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ A 7
♥ 8 4 3
♦ 10 9 6 5
♣ A 10 9 5

WEST
♠ J 4 2
♥ Q J
♦ K J 8 3 2
♣ 7 6 4

EAST
♠ Q 9 6 5 3
♥ 10 6 5 2
♦ A
♣ Q 3 2

SOUTH
♠ K 10 8
♥ A K 9 7
♦ Q 7 4
♣ K J 8

B

North-South vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH
♠ 8 7
♥ Q 10 8 6
♦ A 4
♣ A 8 6 3 2

WEST
♠ 6 3
♥ 7
♦ Q 9 6 2
♣ K Q J 10 7 5

EAST
♠ A J 9 2
♥ K J 4
♦ J 10 8 7 5
♣ 9

SOUTH
♠ K Q 10 5 4
♥ A 9 5 3 2
♦ K 3
♣ 4

EAST (Adams)	SOUTH (Nail)	WEST (Erdos)	NORTH (Key)
PASS	1 ♠	3 ♣	DBL.
PASS	3 ♥	PASS	5 ♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead 2 of diamonds

C

Both sides vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH
♠ Q 6 3 2
♥ 7 6 3
♦ A Q 8 6
♣ 8 4

WEST
♠ K 8 7 5 4
♥ 10 8 5
♦ J
♣ A J 10 3

EAST
♠ A 10 9
♥ A Q
♦ K 9 7 4 3 2
♣ 5 2

SOUTH
♠ J
♥ K J 9 4 2
♦ 10 5
♣ K Q 9 7 6

WEST (Mrs. Wagar)	NORTH	EAST (Mrs. Kachmar)	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	1 ♦	1 ♥
1 ♠	PASS	1 N.T.	PASS
PASS	2 ♥	2 ♠	3 ♥
DBL.	PASS	PASS	PASS

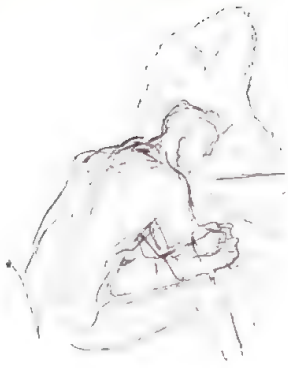
Opening lead jack of diamonds

best last year: Oliver Adams, Ivan Erdos, Harold Guiver, Edwin Kantar and Morris Portugal. In addition, nonplaying Captain Kelsey Petterson had bolstered his squad with Marshall Miles, 1961 Life Masters Pair champion, and Erik Paulsen. Hodge, the Houston captain, had Gerber, Key, Nail, Fain, Jerome Levy, Colonel Tim Willis and a pair of *nearby experts, Curtis Smith of Austin* and Robert Wolff of San Antonio. (In Texas, nearby means anything within a few hundred miles.)

Houston trailed through the first 15 deals of the match, then took the lead. However, even in the highly partisan audience following the proceedings in the Shamrock Hilton Hotel, the feeling grew that Los Angeles would soon unleash its blitz. When it finally came, the blitz was too late. Los Angeles gained 19 IMPs in the last two deals, but this served only to cut Houston's lead to a still thoroughly convincing 29.

The deal (hand A) that produced the biggest swing of the match, 14 points, appropriately starred one of Houston's favorite sons, Ben Fain, who was making his tournament bridge comeback after a two-year absence. Ben had slipped in the bathtub, broken his back and been partially paralyzed for some time. In this match he still required help in pulling his cards but this did not affect the skillfulness of his play one bit.

Fain, South, bid one no trump, and



L.A.'S LEW MATHE PLAYS DEAL, WITH

Gerber, North, jumped to three. When the Los Angeles team played the hand, the contract was the same, though arrived at differently. Probably neither team should have been in game since they lacked the customary 26 points, but both reached it and both received an opening lead of the 3 of diamonds.

East won with the ace. Against Los Angeles, the Texas defender returned a low heart. L.A.'s Kantar ducked, losing to the jack. West shifted to a spade, North played low and East's queen forced the king. That put declarer in his hand and made the comfortable way

HOUSTON'S JEROME LEVY STUDIES HAND INTENTLY DURING INTERCITY MATCH

PARTNER MORRIS PORTUGAL DUMMY

to play clubs the lead of the jack and a finesse against West for the queen. It lost and the hand exploded. East won the club trick, knocked out dummy's spade stopper, and all declarer could do was cash his top tricks. Kantar played with technical accuracy but pragmatically evil results. He ended down two.

Against Fain, L.A.'s Mathe shifted to the spade 5 after winning the first diamond. Declarer's 8 forced the jack and the trick was won by the ace. It was now logical and convenient to play a club from dummy and finesse the jack, which won. Next came ace, king and a small heart, forcing out East's 10. On the spade continuation, South's 10 held. Fain cashed the good heart, the spade king and three more clubs to make four no trump and score 630. The swing of 830 was worth 14 IMPs to Texas.

As was to be expected in such high-level competition, many other deals were bid and played superbly. In hand B, both teams stopped discreetly short of slam, then played with the necessary skill to bring home a contract that all players hate to reach voluntarily.

In the contract bridge trade, a voluntary bid of five in a major is sometimes called a "demi-slam." Since it carries with it no slam bonus and puts the game in jeopardy, it is a contract popular only with the opponents. Yet it is sometimes necessary, as in this deal, to bid to that level to let partner know you are interested in a slam. Had South held the king of hearts, he would have been able to bid a slam over North's five-heart bid but would have passed a mere four-heart bid, so North's move to five hearts is well justified.

The declarer found himself with a good deal of work to be done and none too many entries to dummy's hand. North's diamond ace won the first trick and a spade was led, ducked by East and won by South with the king. Nail led a low heart and put in dummy's 10 to force East's jack. Declarer won the diamond return with his king, crossed to dummy's club ace and led another spade. East climbed up with the ace to lead another diamond. Declarer was careful to ruff in his own hand. He led a low spade and trumped with dummy's queen, then played dummy's 6 of trumps and, when East played low, finessed the 9. The ace dropped East's heart king and declarer's spades were good for the rest of the tricks.

In the other room, with Lew Mathe declarer against Smith and Wolff, the opening lead was the king of clubs. Dummy won and led a spade, won by South when East ducked. The king and ace of diamonds were cashed and a second spade led. East took the ace and returned a third round of diamonds. Declarer ruffed in dummy, discarding a spade from his hand and led the queen of hearts through, limiting East to a single trump trick and proving that there is more than one right way to play a ticklish hand.

The ladies of bridge, conspicuously absent from the lists in the first two Houston events, made their presence felt on the first day of the Fall Nationals, which began immediately after the inter-city match. Usually the Men's Pair and the Women's Pair events are of equal importance, but this year the women's title carried with it a trip to France to play in the world bridge pair Olympiad next April. Many of the game's leading ladies were among the 258 pairs seeking the honor of the title and the pleasure of a trip to the Riviera in springtime.

One of the most interesting deals (hand C) of the first session shows a keen battle for a part-score contract—typical of match point pair play—capped by a brilliant double by Margaret Wagar of Atlanta, playing with Barbara Kachmar of Bronxville, N.Y.

The double by Mrs. Wagar is such stuff as match point top scores are made of, and the defenders managed to collect 500 points. The opening lead of the diamond jack was won by dummy's ace. The spade return to declarer's jack went to West's king, and Mrs. Wagar shifted to a trump, won by East's ace. Declarer played the king on a club return and West took the ace, continuing with trumps. East's queen was captured by South's king.

At this moment South could have made a brilliant series of plays, drawing West's last trump, cashing the club queen to strip East of exit cards, and leading the 10 of diamonds, to force East's king. Assuming that East returned the ace of spades, South could discard a club and East would then have to give dummy the lead to make the spade queen and diamond queen. South would have gone down only one trick.

Instead South returned the diamond 10 at once. East took the king and led a third round of diamonds, promoting West's trump 10 to a sure winner. South could do no better than discard a club. Mrs. Wagar ruffed and eventually made another club trick as well, to put the contract down 500 for a top score on the board. END

CHARLES GOREN COMMENTS ON PLAY FOR AUDIENCE IN THE SHAMROCK HILTON HOTEL

JUST ONCE LIKE STEIN

Skiers are divided into dreamers and wonderers. If they are young, they dream that someday they will ski like Stein Eriksen or Anderl Molterer, shown right as they swoop down the east face of Ajax Mountain in Aspen, Colo., throwing plumes of powder, making each move with such assurance that they seem not to be standing on skis at all, but rather to be suspended from a wire. If the skier is a bit older, he will content himself with wondering how it feels to ski that way. At age 33, Photographer John G. Zimmerman, who skis with great verve but modest skill, fits somewhere in between. To satisfy both impulses, he rounded up Stein, Anderl, Toni Spiss and some other crack pros, and went with them to some of the best mountains in the West. Each time one of the skiers headed down a slope, he would have a camera strapped to his leg or chest or back, tripping the shutter with a remote-control button as he hurtled along. The result is a dramatic portfolio of photographs that show dreamers and wonderers alike how it feels to ski a steep, deep mountain as well as it can be skied

At left, Anderl Molterer's skis cut through the packed snow as Stein Eriksen and Toni Spiss lead him off a jump at Alta, Utah. Below, two Alta instructors play their own high-speed game of follow-the-leader through a fall of hip-deep powder

Leaning into a turn, Toni Spiss (above) swings along behind Eriksen as they speed through the moguls on Aspen's lower slopes. At right, Molterer springs from a cornice and seems to float for an instant in the brilliant haze of the winter sun

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by **TOM FOX**

HUSTLERS' HOLIDAY IN THE LIONS' DEN

New York Fats, self-proclaimed greatest pool hustler of them all, battles his peers with cue and quips and action on the side

The southern Illinois town of Johnston City, one mile north of Dog Walk, 19 miles northeast of Wolf Creek and 28 miles west of Muddy, seems hardly the place for an international tournament of *any* kind. But assembled in this gaunt little coal center last week was a convocation of champions past and present. There were New York Fats (*above*), Weenie Beenie, Boston Shorty, Tugboat Whaley and the Knoxville Bear, not to mention Connecticut Johnny, Tuscaloosa Squirrelly, Iron Joe, Johnnie Irish and Daddy Warbucks.

They were there to play in the first "World's One-Pocket Billiards Tournament," with $5,000 in prizes. They couldn't have cared less about the prizes. These nonpareils of the pool hustling art were there to hustle each other. The tip-off was the name of the game—one-pocket. This variant of simple pool calls for each contestant to sink all his shots in one corner pocket. It is played only by hustlers.

The hustlers' holiday was sponsored by the Jansco brothers, George, 46, and Paulie (sometimes called Joey), 43, who operate a restaurant, nightclub and pool hall in Johnston City (pop. 3,900). The brothers put up a $25,000 building to house the tournament.

Money breeds money in the hustlers' world, and George Jansco, who once

continued

operated a handbook, was not opposed to a little action on the side. There was a flood of bets and side bets in Jansco's Cue Club, a modern concrete-block structure fronted by a pink neon sign spelling out "Members Only." The "members" were the hustlers (and their backers), a close-knit organization of men who thrive on high stakes and egotism, live in shadows, speak in whispers.

The spokesman for the Loyal Fraternal Order of Pool Sharks was a roly-poly 250-pounder called New York Fats (Rudolph Walter Wanderone) who thrives on high stakes and egotism but lives not in shadows nor speaks in whispers. Fat Man is short (5 feet 8), with a shock of brown hair, a 52-inch waist and a philosophy to fit all occasions. He announced that the Johnston City promotion drew 14 of the "best one-pocket players in the world," and added modestly that he was once the best of the best.

"I was the automatic champion one-pocket player of the world," Fat Man proclaimed. "They never had any tournaments. I always had to give great odds, most of the time two balls. The great champions would never play me. They dodged me at all times."

The hustlers listened when the Fat Man talked. They laughed and poked fun at him. But when an outsider asked questions about the hustlers, they let the Fat Man do the talking. He's the sharks' public relations man.

There are no "marks" in Johnston City. The hustler is on his own. It's hustler against hustler and every man for himself. Everybody hustles Fat Man. Everybody wants a piece of Fat Man.

"You wanna play, Fat Man?" says Danny Jones, 29, the handsomest of the hustlers.

"Yes, I wanna play," answers the Fat One. "I sure do wanna play, but I wanna play for money. I sure didn't come to play for a beef stew."

"Fat Man, give me two balls and I'll play you four out of seven for $500," suggests Tuscaloosa Squirrelly (Marshall Carpenter, 33, Tuscaloosa, Ala.).

"Look, Junior, I was shooting pool before you knew what popcorn was," Fat Man says. "I'm four times older than you, I been up three days and three nights and you want two balls. You don't wanna play, you wanna stick somebody up."

"Will you play me for $500, Fat Man?" asks Weenie Beenie (Bill Staton, 33, owner of a chain of restaurants in Washington, D.C.).

"I've answered that question yes about 10 times in plain English. You oughta understand, Weenie Beenie. You're supposed to be intelligent. You're a college graduate. Most of these other imbeciles are fugitives from second grade. But if you don't understand English I know several other languages—several."

Weenie Beenie says nothing. He didn't want to play Fat Man in the first place.

"You don't need no backers, Weenie Beenie," the Fat Man says as he strokes off practice shots. "You own some restaurants, but I've put a lot of restaurants out of business."

Ready for another go

Jones, of West Point, Ga., wants a hunk of Fat Man. He challenged Fat Man in Chicago a couple of years ago and lost a wad for his backer. But Jones was driving a public transit bus in Washington D.C. then and playing pool part time. He thinks he can take the Fat Man now. He quit the bus route a year ago. He makes his living playing pool. He won the national snooker title in

Macon, Ga. last March. He's ready for another go at Fatty.

"Mr. Cokes, let me play him four out of seven for $500," Jones asks of a well-to-do fellow contestant. Hubert Cokes shakes his head and says, "No, Danny."

Fat Man waits. "Get your backers to put up some money, Sonny Boy," he says. "You guys all gotta have stake horses [backers]. I only got one partner and that's Eva-line [his wife Evelyn]."

"You're washed up, Fat Man," Tuscaloosa Squirrelly says.

"Quit giving me that who-shot-John stuff," Fat Man says. ("Who-shot-John stuff" is hustler lingo for nonsense.)

Jones returns to Cokes and whispers, "I've got $200, Mr. Cokes. Will you go for $300?" Cokes hands three $100 bills to Eddie Taylor, the Knoxville Bear, who holds the bet. Jones puts up two bills and says, "I got a stake horse, Fat Man. Four out of seven for $500."

The Fat Man hands Taylor five $100 bills. He walks over to a table, washes his face, powders the cue stick and tells Jones, "Daniel, you're in the lions' den."

The first game goes to the Fat Man, but Jones runs out the next two.

"You know who I am, Fat Man?" says Jones. "I'm Fast Eddie, I came from California to get you." (Fast Eddie is the hero of *The Hustler*, a recent novel and motion picture about pool hall characters.)

"Look, Junior, you shoot your best and if you win the money no hard feelings," Fat Man says.

He's having trouble getting shots. "I'm not getting the breaks," he moans. "I shoot 700 balls and I don't get a break." He shoots the six ball but misses. "Look at that, will ya, I put a million dollars' worth of spin on the ball and only a nickel's worth took hold."

"You're dogging it, Fat Man."

"Quit giving me that soft con," says the Fat One.

Jones wins the first match. They play again, five out of nine for $1,000.

"They'll break you, Fatty," says Weenie Beenie.

"Sure, they might break me," says Fat Man, "but *you're* subject to getting broke every time you leave the house."

"You're washed up, Fat Man," says The Squirrel. "If you were intelligent you'd quit."

"I'm the most intelligent man I know," says Fat Man. "The more I hang around with you imbeciles the more I realize I am the most intelligent man I know. I could spot Einstein the 10 ball. I know everything that everybody else knows, and *nobody* knows what I know."

Fat Man still can't get the good shot and Jones is running out the second match. "Unbelievable, positively unbelievable," says Fat Man, faced with another impossible shot. "In all my life I've never seen anything like it."

On the rail

Fat Man goes over to the basin and washes his hands and face again. There are no towels.

"This is ridiculous, absolutely ridiculous," he yells. "For three nights I've asked them to get something so I can dry my hands. No napkins, no toilet tissues. You can't dry your hands. It's ridiculous, ridiculous beyond compare."

Jones wins the second match and the stake is $2,000. The Fat Man is playing with wet hands and still not getting the good shot.

"Looka that, you think he ain't scared?" cracks Jones.

Jones leaves the cue ball frozen against the rail. Fat Man doesn't get the good shot again.

"How do you like it on the rail, Fat Man?" asks Jones.

continued

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"Son, I was born on the rail," Fat Man says.

"You're dogging it, Fat Man," says Jones.

"You might be able to outshoot the Fat Man, Danny," says Eddie Taylor, "but you'll never outtalk him."

Jones wins the third match, and the stake is now $4,000.

"Where the hell is the bet?" screams Fat Man. "Who's holding the bet?"

Taylor, holding $4,000, is in the Show Bar dancing with a blonde.

"I don't want no drunk holding my money," yells Fat Man. But his good spirits return. He gets the breaks and wins the $4,000 bet, and now he is even with Jones, who announces he has had enough.

The next evening the hustlers are back in tournament uniform—coat and tie, gracious manner and quiet dignity. The atmosphere would flatter a Davis Cup match. You tell yourself the performance of the previous evening was a silly dream. Only Fat Man is still in character.

He begins a monologue on his favorite subject: a lawsuit he says he intends to file against 20th Century-Fox and the author of *The Hustler*.

"That was my life story. They just changed my name to Minnesota Fats. There never was any Minnesota Fats and if there was one he couldn't beat a drum. I beat the best. This Fast Eddie is fiction. They just played him around me.

"Me, I'm the Fat Man. I used to sit in the big pool halls like the Ames Billiard Academy in New York or Bensinger's in Chicago and wait for these little punks around the country to get good enough to want a piece of Fat Man. Take Squirrelly over there and Joey [Joey Spaeth, Cincinnati]. They both came after me at Bensinger's. I knocked the little punks in the bleachers.

"Look, I can go into court with thousands of affidavits saying I'm the one and only Fat Man. Besides, thousands of people told me I could have played the role better than Jackie Gleason. I used to be in vaudeville, you know.

"The other day someone sends a postcard to Johnston City. It was addressed to 'Jackie Gleason, The Hustler.' The mailman didn't have any trouble delivering the card to the right person because everybody knows I'm Fat Man.

"In New York I'm New York Fats. In Chicago I'm Chicago Fats. Why, I'm Minnesota Fats, too. Right now I'm

continued

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Johnston City Fats. I'm suing. I got a good case."

Fat Man's pitch drowns out the quiet click of the balls as Danny Jones and Earl Schriver of Washington, D.C. stroke practice shots. Tugboat Whaley, a West Coast hustler who in his day made a living off marks by posing as an old tugboat captain, bends his gray head under the bluish light over the table. He racks the balls with the meticulous touch of a surgeon. Tugboat is the referee.

"I didn't know who he was when he came in a few weeks ago," George Jansco says. "He told me he was Tugboat Whaley and I remembered the name. He and his wife drove 2,500 miles from San Francisco just to see the tournament. They're both 65. I told him he was working for me—he's the official tournament referee."

"The rack is important," Whaley explains. "If the balls aren't racked just right the guy shooting second could have a big advantage; he could run out the game."

Tugboat doesn't hustle anymore. His eyes are gone. *"I'm 65. I haven't played* for big stakes in 10 years," he says. "This game isn't like baseball, your legs don't give out, your eyes do. You don't lose your stroke, your eyes go bad, you can't see the edge of the ball."

The right man

Whaley's appearance in Johnston City was not entirely of his own making. "I'm scouting the tournament for Welker Cochran Jr. [son of the late world three-cushion and balk-line champion]. Welker is thinking about staging a one-pocket tournament on the Coast. I'm just looking around to see how this one is run."

"Hey, Fat Man, who you like in the game?" Spaeth wants to know.

"Why, Earl Schriver, of course," Fat Man says with the firm conviction of an elder statesman.

"I got Earl for $400," Spaeth says. "I just wanted to know if I had the right man."

The backers stream out of the back room like factory workers at the 5 o'clock whistle. Everybody's bet is down. The match begins, the best three out of five games.

Weenie Beenie, back in the shadows, talks about pool over a Black Russian, a vodka-based drink that is supposed to make you "do things you've always wanted to do" after the third one.

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"I'm not a hustler in the strict sense," Weenie Beenie says. "I own a business, I'm educated, I have a family. I graduated from North Carolina. Charlie (Choo-Choo) Justice and I were fraternity brothers. I have a home, everything I want.

"But I have a split personality. I'm a businessman and I'm a pool player. But I'd rather play pool than be a businessman. I've got a pool table at home but sometimes I like to go to a pool hall. Before I go in I look up and down the street to be sure nobody sees me."

Now Boston Shorty (Larry Johnson, 32, Boston) is playing. Shorty is a short 5 feet 2 who gets sore when a hustler says he's "shorter than the cue stick." Says Johnson: "That's a lie, the cue stick is 58, 59 inches. I'm 62 inches."

A photographer is shooting pictures of the match. Boston Shorty stops the game and says he doesn't want his picture taken. The photographer wants to know how come. Shorty's backer climbs down from the gallery.

"Shorty ain't played the West Coast yet," the backer says with a forced grin. "You understand, he's still got some live territory to cover. He don't want them to know who he is or what he looks like. You understand, don't you, man?"

"Hubert Cokes is the class entrant of the tournament," George Jansco says. "Look at him in that beautiful gray suit and the red tie. He looks just like Daddy Warbucks. That's what the boys call him, Daddy Warbucks."

Daddy Warbucks, at one time a traveling companion of Titanic Thompson, a hustler without peer, is a successful oilman. He has investments in southern Indiana, western Kentucky and southern Illinois.

Now Fat Man is matched with Tuscaloosa Squirrelly, and he is getting the shots.

"Well, if I'm a has-been, I'm certainly glad I'm not one of these is-beens," Fat Man says as he wins the match three games to none. (Squirrel got a total of three shots, two of them breaks.) The Fat Man has a 10-second bout with an insect that falls out of the light and onto the table in the path of one of his shots. Fat Man loves animals, even insects. He carefully fingers the insect from the green cloth, cups it in a hand and gives it freedom.

"I wouldn't of killed it if it bit me," he says. "I love animals. They can't hustle you so you gotta help 'em. I feed maybe 20 or 30 cats and dogs a day. They all come to my house 'cause they know they're gonna get something to eat. I guess they're hustling me but I don't care. I hustle for them. I'm liable to go into a restaurant at 4 o'clock in the morning and hustle some bones for the dogs."

Hustler's hustler

"Look at Fatty," whispers Johnnie Irish (Johnnie Lineen, 47, Miami and Brooklyn). "He wouldn't hurt a miller moth but he'll leave you without a shirt playing pool. I know Fats all my life. I've seen him come into a town that looked like a desert, nobody at the pool hall. In two days Fats had the place packed. He starts playing for $2 a game and pretty soon he's got the butcher and the baker playing for $100 a game and they never saw a pool table before. If there's 100 people in town Fatty had all 100 at the pool hall. Then he leaves and it's a desert town again.

"Fats is the hustler's hustler."

Somebody asks Fats for a good definition of a hustler.

"A hustler is anyone who has to make a living," Fat Man says. "A champion golfer who plays a match for money is a hustler; a guy who plays pool for a couple of bucks at the Elks Club or a bowling alley is a hustler, too.

"You go in the world's finest clothing store and the salesman hustles you. He puts you in a size 30 suit when you need size 50 and he tells you you look beautiful. And if you don't watch the guy he'll convince you it's such a bargain you can't pass it up.

"And you take a stockbroker, he's not only a hustler, he's a tout as well because he's getting inside information.

"But I'll give you a better example. President Kennedy, he's a hustler. He had to outhustle Nixon for the White House. He hustled a year to win it.

"No, I take that back. I never talk religion or politics and I got no right calling President Kennedy a hustler, even if he is one."

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The first annual World's One-Pocket Billiards Tournament, played in Johnston City, Ill., was won by Johnny Vevis of San Francisco, with Jimmy Moore of Albuquerque, N.M. second. Hubert Cokes finished third, and Rudolph Wanderone was fourth. **END**

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A hysterical calm grips Toronto

Not really, for sports-minded citizens are flipping over the football finals. Only the Patterson-McNeeley fight is stirring up indifference

PATTERSON'S MANAGER, CUS D'AMATO,

Floyd Patterson, the world heavyweight champion, will defend his title in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens on Monday night, December 4, against Tom McNeeley, a brawling Irishman from the suburbs of Boston. Normally this might produce an emotional upheaval in this sports-loving city. After all, a heavyweight championship fight *is* something special, and this will be the first time that a world heavyweight championship has ever been contested in Canada. But Toronto fans are regarding the Patterson-McNeeley match with a bland detachment that is infuriating to Promoters Tom and Al Bolan of Championship Sports Inc.

Citizens of Toronto suspect that the brothers Bolan may not have been aware that Toronto has the latest in communications and often receives reports on happenings from the outside world almost the same day they occur. Thus, Toronto long ago learned that Boston, a cultural hamlet some call the Toronto of New England, rejected the Patterson-McNeeley fight rather than submit to a demand from the Patterson camp that an out-of-state referee be appointed. Some Torontonians became indignant when they discovered they had been saddled with a turkey that Boston had spurned.

A few of the town's heavy thinkers feel that Toronto has gained an international reputation for gullibility, especially when it comes to fights. They recall that 21,438 turned out for the Archie Moore-James J. Parker fiasco here in 1956, an artful promotion created jointly by Doc Kearns and Jack Solomons, a pair of accomplished spellbinders. Kearns and Solomons even persuaded impressionable ringsiders to wear evening clothes. Some natives still prickle when they remember that burlesque. (Moore, of course, remembers it with deep affection. He had a fat payday, and he mauled Parker unmercifully before stopping him in the ninth round.)

Even so, the principal reason for Toronto's indifference to the fight is simply that it occurs at the end of Grey Cup week, the climax of the Canadian football season, when East meets West.

This extravaganza, Canada's No. 1 sports spectacle, will be played in Toronto's Exhibition Stadium on Saturday, December 2, before a sellout crowd. In many instances, tickets were reserved almost a year ago. The Grey Cup commands the undivided attention of Canadians, and any other event has to run a poor second. Street-corner gossip is almost exclusively about football, and the fight is ignored. This doesn't mean that the fight will be a flop. It simply means that Canadians will allow nothing to interfere with football.

The promoters, alarmed at first when they realized they were tangling with the Grey Cup, now hope to reap ancillary benefits. They reason that many visitors will remain over from Saturday's game until Monday's fight, especially Westerners who seldom get an opportunity to view a championship bout. (The sale to date has largely reflected expense-account buying by firms entertaining clients at both football and fight.)

One other reason for the disinterest in the fight was the strange absence of McNeeley, who insisted on training in Boston. His manager, Peter Fuller, refused to move training headquarters to Toronto until last Sunday, a stubbornness that enraged Cus D'Amato, Patterson's loquacious manager.

High finance

"Fuller is costing us at least $50,000 at the gate because he refused to bring his man into Toronto early and help

FUMES AT McNEELEY'S TRAINING SITE

promote this fight," fumed D'Amato. "I can't understand what Fuller, a keen student of finance, is thinking about. This is where the fight is, and this is where the principals should train."

Fuller retorted that there was no point in bringing McNeeley to Toronto too soon. Tom was unknown anyway, and Patterson's presence (Floyd arrived in Toronto on November 9) should have been a sufficient stimulus. Cynics implied that Fuller might have been afraid that McNeeley's absurd awkwardness in training would have an adverse effect on sales had he trained in Toronto.

Patterson, whose quiet, almost shy manner has impressed local kibitzers, runs at Woodbine Race Track on the northwestern outskirts of the city and boxes at Palace Pier, a local dance and fight emporium. Several hundred people turned out for some of his sessions. Floyd will be at least a 9-to-1 favorite to beat McNeeley, but he has more respect for his opponent than the oddsmakers do.

"Everybody seems to be taking this guy for granted. I wish I could be as sure. The way this is set up I can't get any credit even if I win. I'll just collect my money."

It is understood that Patterson has been guaranteed $200,000 for the fight, McNeeley $100,000. The Bolan brothers are predicting a crowd of 15,000 and a gate of around $250,000. Television will make a handsome contribution (supposedly $300,000) to the overall proceeds. The fight will be televised on a closed circuit, with a local blackout. Spectators in Maple Leaf Gardens will first see the Sonny Liston-Albert Westphal fight from Philadelphia on a four-sided, 9-by-12-foot screen. Then, after a short intermission, Patterson and McNeeley will go into their act, and fans in Philadelphia will see them. Equipment necessary for the closed-circuit transmission can be erected or dismantled in a few minutes, the promoters say.

Ringside fans will have to pay $50 per seat, the highest ever asked for a single athletic event in Canada. Cheapest seats in the house will be $10 each, the same price that football fans will pay to sit on the 50-yard line for the Grey Cup.

In the last major fight in Toronto, between Moore and Parker, the gross gate was $148,500 in the baseball stadium. But top price for a ticket was only $20.

Patterson said last weekend, "Physically I'm ready to go now. But I have to concentrate on getting my mental attitude up. That's important."

The mental attitude of the anticipated crowd has to be up too, especially with that $50 tops. There wouldn't be this worry if Patterson and McNeeley could only play football. END

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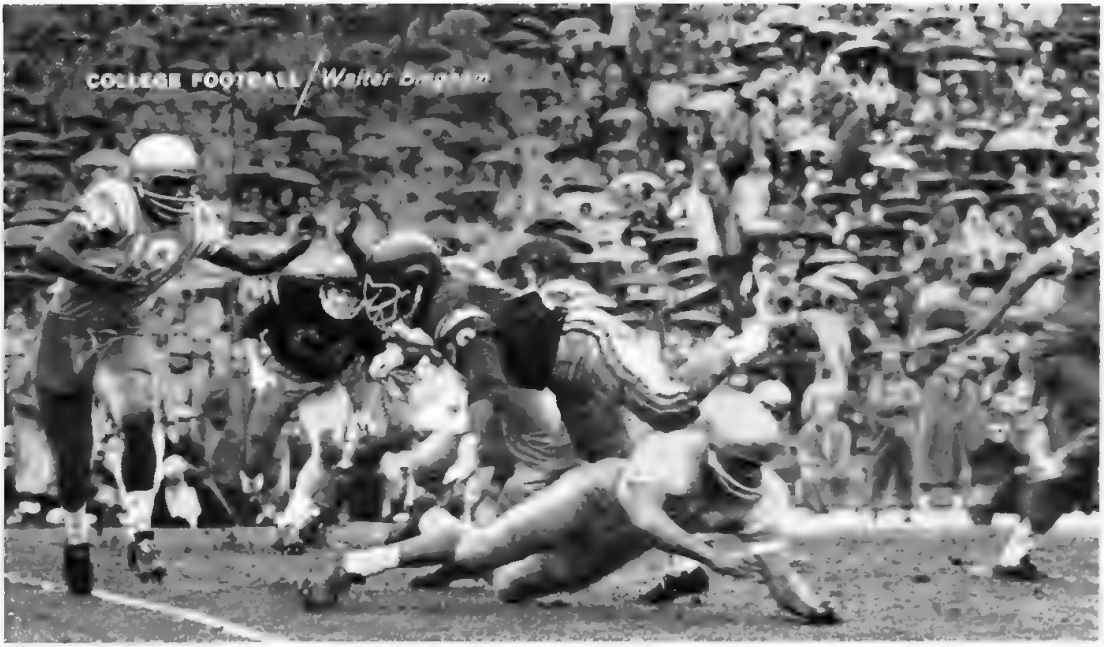

UCLA'S BOBBIE SMITH SKIRTS RIGHT END AGAINST SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AS CROWD WATCHES BENEATH A ROOF OF UMBRELLAS

The sweet smell of red roses

To Ohio State's Woody Hayes, whose team will meet UCLA in the Rose Bowl, the rose is fragrant, but the color is blood

The prospective laurels of college football—conference titles, national ranking and bowl bids—can do strange things to men. Take Ohio State's Woody Hayes. Ohio State, with the Big Ten title and a Rose Bowl bid at stake, was playing Michigan, its traditional rival, and it needed a victory, a big victory.

With only 34 seconds remaining in the game and many in the crowd of 80,444 grouped along the sidelines, waiting to assault the goal posts, Ohio State had its big victory 42-20. It also had the ball on its own 20-yard line, so that a simple plunge into the line would end the game and Michigan's suffering. But State's quarterback, Joe Sparma, acting on the advice of Hayes, dropped back and threw a 50-yard pass to Halfback Paul Warfield, who was run out of bounds at the 10. Sparma then passed to End Sam Tidmore in the end zone for a touchdown. As an ultimate insult, Sparma again threw to Tidmore for a 2-point conversion. The final score was 50–20, making the victory even more impressive.

As far as State fans were concerned, that last touchdown settled a grudge that had stood since 1948 when Michigan Coach Fritz Crisler ordered a 13-yard field goal in the last two minutes to beat Ohio State 58–6. But revenge was not the reason State's Woody Hayes wanted to rack up more points.

"We were going for national recognition," he said, after getting a cold shoulder, palm-brush handshake from Michigan Coach Bump Elliott. "Let's not kid ourselves. It was a question of being the No. 1 team in the country (in place of idle Alabama) or No. 2. One or two extra touchdowns aren't going to hurt Bump Elliott or Michigan."

If the Buckeyes miss the Hayes-aspired national recognition this week, it won't be for the lack of an all-out effort by 217-pound Bob Ferguson, the nation's finest fullback. Ferguson drove into the Michigan line 30 times for 152 yards and four touchdowns. When he wasn't carrying the ball, he was faking beautifully into the line so that alternating Quarterbacks Sparma and John Mummey would have a split-second edge on their handoffs, bootleg runs and passes.

Although State's victory gave it an undefeated season (including a first-game tie with TCU) and a possible No. 1 national ranking, it did not insure clear-cut championship of the Big Ten and a trip to the Rose Bowl. For that Ohio State had to await the result of the Minnesota-Wisconsin game, since Minnesota, too, was undefeated in the Big Ten.

It was a pleasant wait. Earlier in the season Minnesota Quarterback Sandy Stephens made the mistake of saying that his team had three tough games left —Michigan State, Iowa and Purdue. Keyed up by large placards bearing Stephens' words, Wisconsin beat Minnesota 23–21, the winning points coming on a 31-yard field goal by Jim Bakken.

Wisconsin's strategy was simple: it let Quarterback Ron Miller throw the ball almost everytime he got it, usually

toward his 6-foot-5-inch End Pat Richter. Miller completed 19 passes for 297 yards and two touchdowns. Richter caught six of the passes, including the two for touchdowns.

It was with barely three minutes left that Bakken made his field goal, and certainly it was a lesson in perseverance. Already Bakken had tried and missed five field goals. His sixth attempt went cleanly through, and Wisconsin had a 23–15 lead. It needed those points, too, as Minnesota came back to score a touchdown and make it 23–21. But Stephens' pass for two points and a tie was batted down by none other than Mr. Bakken.

Thus, compliments of Wisconsin, Ohio State won its fourth Big Ten title in 10 years and a certain invitation to the Rose Bowl. UCLA will play State, having earned that dubious honor by defeating Southern California 10–7. It was the first time since 1952 that these teams played for the right to represent the West Coast in the Rose Bowl, and in spite of a hard, steady rain and mediocre records, 57,580 people watched the game.

UCLA scored its winning touchdown following an interception of a pass. UCLA's 6-foot-5-inch end, Mel Profit, deflected the ball into the hands of Tackle Joe Bauwens, who lumbered 15 yards to the SC 32. UCLA marched in from there, then made the lead hold.

As soon as the game ended, a UCLA cheerleader covered Coach Barnes with kisses and pinned a rose on his lapel. "I wouldn't have taken this rose before the game," Barnes said, "but I'm mighty proud to wear it now."

Ohio State has beaten UCLA once this season, 13–3, but it was a little victory and it did not satisfy Woody Hayes. In the Rose Bowl he may rip that rose right off Billy Barnes's lapel.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

The bowl picture was taking shape. Ohio State (8-0-1) and UCLA (7-3) were almost certain to appear in Pasadena; Texas (9-1) and Mississippi (8-1) were set for the Cotton Bowl; LSU (9-1) and Colorado (8-1) were paired for the Orange Bowl; Alabama (9-0) and Arkansas (8-2) for the Sugar Bowl. Still to be decided: the Gator Bowl, which has Georgia Tech (6-3) but not a second team; the Liberty Bowl, which was still looking for someone to play Syracuse (7-3); and the Bluebonnet, which was eying Rice (6–3). The best bets for the open spots: Utah State (9-0-1), Penn State (7-3), Duke (6-3), Miami (6-3), Auburn (6-3), Kansas (6-3-1).

THE EAST

For some 28 minutes the **Pitt** Panthers behaved like a pack of wild alley cats. They led **Penn State** 14–13, but then State's diversified power began to show. Quarterback Galen Hall spread the Panther secondary with precise passes to ends and halfbacks, who alternately went deep and buttonhooked; and Roger Kochman, Al Gursky and Buddy Torris pounded through gaping holes to give State an easy 47–26 win.

Syracuse, perhaps still contemplating its controversial loss to Notre Dame, almost got caught up in its own second thoughts against **Boston College**. But the Orangemen finally made it past the Eagles 28–13, when Ernie Davis, who finished the job of breaking Jim Brown's career records, and Gary Fallon ran back intercepted passes 61 and 25 yards for touchdowns in the last minute.

Not even the most loyal sons of **Rutgers** in the mob of 25,500 that overflowed the school's pretty little sunken stadium at New Brunswick gave the Scarlet Knights much of a chance after **Columbia** took a 19–7 lead late in the third quarter. But, fired up by Dave Brody's 58-yard kickoff return, the Knights attacked the weary Lions so relentlessly that they scored four times in the last period to finish unbeaten for the first time in 93 years. Bill Speranza's 10-yard pass to Lee Curley got Rutgers back in the ball game, his one-yard plunge put them even at 19–19, Steve Simms crunched over from the three-yard line, Pierce Frauenheim scored on a 30-yard pass interception and the Knights won 32–19.

While Columbia was getting its lumps at New Brunswick, **Harvard** was trading a few with **Yale** at New Haven where The Game almost erupted into a battle royal. The Crimson gratefully turned three *Eli* misplays into touchdowns, scored another on a pass and licked the bumbling Yales 27–0. Harvard thus tied Columbia for the Ivy League title, as **Dartmouth** spoiled **Princeton**'s hopes of making it a three-way knot by beating the Tigers 24–6. The top three:

1. PENN STATE (7-3)
2. SYRACUSE (7-3)
3. RUTGERS (9-0)

THE SOUTH

The Atlantic Coast Conference has become inured to shock, but rarely has there been anything like what hit **Maryland**. The confident Terps scored against **Virginia** and then reeled under the pasting of their lives. The Cavaliers' Gary Cuozzo pitched three short touchdown passes to third-stringer John Hepler, Ted Rzempoluch ran an intercepted pass back 95 yards and Virginia lifted the Terps right out of the Gator Bowl, 28–16.

Miami's slick George Mira, pitching fast balls like a major leaguer, found a willing catcher in End Bill Miller. Between them, they picked apart **Northwestern**'s secondary and led the Hurricanes to a 10–6 victory.

While unbeaten **Alabama** rested, **LSU** poured it on poor **Tulane** 62–0 to tie the Crimson for the SEC lead. The top three:

1. ALABAMA (9-0)
2. LSU (9-1)
3. MISSISSIPPI (8-1)

THE MIDWEST

The scramble for recognition was over in the Big Eight. **Colorado**'s conference champions, stung by word that the Orange Bowl intended to bypass them for Kansas, thrashed **Iowa State** 34–0 as Billy Harris ran 87, 59 and three yards for touchdowns. The victory brought the hoped-for invitation from Miami.

Missouri, with no bowl ambitions of its own, gained great satisfaction in beat-

(continued)

BACK OF THE WEEK: Penn State's Galen Hall passed for two TDs and 256 yards, ran for two more as State beat Pitt 47–26

LINEMAN OF WEEK: Miami (Fla.) End Bill Miller caught nine passes for 96 yards, set up scores which beat Northwestern.

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ing Kansas 10–7. Coach Dan Devine's pregame strategy worked. While the Tiger linemen stopped the Jayhawk runners cold, their backs cross-bucked Kansas to distraction. But it was a good old-fashioned sweep by Bill Tobin that finally beat Kansas in the last quarter.

Iowa, looking desperately for someone to beat, caught **Notre Dame** in a fumbling mood and whipped the Irish 42–21. The Hawkeyes pounced on six Irish fumbles, intercepted five passes, and Joe Williams returned a kickoff 104 yards for a touchdown. The top three:

1 OHIO STATE (8-0-1)
2 COLORADO (8-1)
3 MINNESOTA (7-2)

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas A&M's Jim Myers had little to be thankful for last Thursday. First, his Aggies were chewed up unmercifully by **Texas**, 25–0. Then he lost his job. The Longhorns, after softening up the Aggies in the first half with 31- and 39-yard field goals by Eldon Moritz, hit them full force with their superb backs in the second half.

But, for all its wondrous skills, Texas still had to share the SWC title with **Arkansas**. The pesky Porkers ran over **Texas Tech** 28–0, tying Texas and winning an invitation to the Sugar Bowl. **TCU**, so mighty a week earlier, was no more than a weak foil for **Rice**. The Frogs quietly rolled over and played dead as Randy Kerbow ran and passed the Owls to a 35–16 victory.

Arizona, frustrated by a stiff **Arizona State** defense for almost three quarters, scored three times in less than 10 minutes and beat the Sun Devils 22–13 before 40,164 at Tempe, the largest crowd ever to see a sporting event in that state. **New Mexico State**'s Preacher Pilot, the nation's leading rusher and scorer, ran for 319 yards, three touchdowns and 12 extra points as the Aggies whomped **Hardin-Simmons** 54–8. The top three:

1. TEXAS (9-1)
2. ARKANSAS (8-2)
3. RICE (6-3)

THE WEST

While **UCLA** and **USC** were conducting their own private run for the roses, **California** and **Stanford** were battling just as earnestly for the Big Five cellar. They both made it. Cal couldn't run against the Indian line, it couldn't defend against Jim Smith's passes or Stan Lindskog's running, and Stanford won 20–7 to share last place with the Bears.

Washington's Jim Owens decided that his Huskies had had enough free enterprise. He shuttled Quarterbacks Kermit Jorgensen and Pete Ohler in and out with the plays, and Washington, for the first time, revealed an imaginative offense against **Washington State**. Jorgensen and Ohler threw touchdown passes, and speedy Charlie Mitchell broke away for 23 yards with 1:30 to go, to put the Huskies ahead 21–17. At Eugene, **Oregon State** turned an **Oregon** fumble into a touchdown and beat the Ducks 6–2. The top three:

1. UTAH STATE (9-0-1)
2. UCLA (7-3)
3. WYOMING (6-1-2)

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Army over Navy. The Cadet wounds have had time to heal—all except the one left by two straight losses to Navy. Stiffer defense will win for Army.

Boston College over Holy Cross. The Eagles have been maturing against tougher competition, but they will have to stop Pat McCarthy to beat the Crusaders.

Alabama over Auburn. But the unbeaten Crimson Tide may have a real tussle. In the end 'Bama's bruising defense, the best in the nation, and Pat Trammell will make the difference.

Georgia Tech over Georgia. It's been a tough year for rookie Coach Johnny Griffith. Tech will add to his troubles.

Mississippi over Mississippi State. Ole Miss can't afford to take its old friends too lightly. State is dangerous.

Tennessee over Vanderbilt. The Volsingle wing is never easy to stop. It is even tougher since talented Mallon Faircloth took over as the No. 1 tailback.

Miami over Florida. The Hurricanes' Mira and Miller are the most potent M&M punch since Mantle and Maris. Their passing antics will be enough to beat Florida.

Notre Dame over Duke. The Irish can't be as bad as they looked against Iowa. Their line, at least, is too tough for Duke.

Oklahoma over Oklahoma State. The Sooners have their second wind. Bud Wilkinson is sure to have some new tricks up his sleeve for the Cowboys.

Rice over Baylor. Randy Kerbow has spruced up the Rice attack, and the Owls look to him to carry them all the way to the Bluebonnet Bowl.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
13 RIGHT, 7 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 132-62-6

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LOU FONTINATO OF MONTREAL BRACES FOR THE CHARGE OF HIS FORMER TEAMMATES, BATHGATE, INGARFIELD AND HENRY

Three at the top are a crowd

In the hottest cold war of many a year, Toronto, New York and Montreal push and shove one another for the NHL championship

Two months ago, at the start of the current National Hockey League season, the nation's top hockey writers almost unanimously predicted a close race, with Chicago's Stanley Cup champion Black Hawks leading the pack (SI, Nov. 6). They were half right. Last week, as the season entered its third month, the race was close all right—closer than it had been in years—but the Black Hawks weren't even in it. The three front runners were the New York Rangers, the Toronto Maple Leafs and the indestructible Montreal Canadiens, who were widely held to be all washed up. Only a single point separated any one of these teams from the other two, while the next best team, Chicago's lagging Black Hawks, dragged along a good 10 points behind.

Toronto's position in the front rank should have surprised nobody, for patient Coach Punch Imlach, who left his near-championship 1960-61 team virtually unchanged, had planned it that way. With veteran Goalie Johnny Bower still a stalwart in the Toronto net, with the new superstar Frank Mahovlich and the slick-skating sophomore, Dave Keon, firing pucks with predictable effect, the Leafs were behaving just as Imlach expected. The season's surprises concerned the other two teams.

By any sane prediction, of course, New York had no business being anywhere near the top after its dismal fifth-place finish last year. Yet, under the impetus of their new coach, Doug Harvey, late of Montreal, the Rangers had been skating in and out of first place with all the confidence of a team that belongs there. Andy Bathgate, their new captain, is leading the league in scoring, and the forward line he mans with old-time teammate Dean Prentice and comparative newcomer Earl Ingarfield has suddenly become one of the most effective in the business, while Player-Coach Harvey himself has put new iron in the defense. "I'm used to winning," says Harvey, who got the habit during 13 victorious seasons with the Canadiens.

With Harvey on board, it figured that

the Rangers would get better, but with Harvey gone it figured also that Montreal would get worse. It didn't. Bullied and beaten by the Black Hawks in the Stanley Cup semifinals last year, the Canadiens started the season with serious gaps in forward line and defense. Harvey himself—the best defenseman in the league—had been traded off to New York. Jacques Plante, the acrobatic masked goalie, was coming off a horrible season, so bad, in fact, that the five-time Vezina Trophy winner was at one point exiled to the minors. Left Wing Dickie Moore, the team's third-highest scorer, and Center Jean Beliveau, the league's second scorer, had suffered crippling knee injuries in training. But with some old patching tape and several tons of psychology, Coach Toe Blake managed to get his team off to one of its best starts ever. It didn't lose one of its first eight games. "The Canadiens are still the team to beat," said Toronto's Imlach. "They are always the team to beat." And maybe they always will be.

Something special

There is a mystic quality about the Canadiens in hockey as there is about the New York Yankees in baseball, a quality rooted in talent, money, planning, good management and good luck but somehow surmounting them all. "Montreal doesn't like to lose," is the way Frank Selke, the club's managing director, puts it, "and maybe that's why Montreal doesn't lose very often."

Because it is used to winning, Montreal has attracted some of the greatest stars in hockey. "We had Howie Morenz and Aurel Joliat in the '20s," said Frank Selke Jr., the manager's son and club publicity man, last week, "and Sylvio Mantha in the '30s and Blake and Elmer Lach and The Rocket in the '40s and '50s.

"A superstar like The Rocket," he went on, referring to the great Maurice Richard who retired two seasons ago, "comes but once in a team's lifetime. We have no Rocket anymore. But we still have the tradition of winning." There is, for instance, still a Richard on the Canadien roster, and even though he is not the great Maurice, he, too, is responsible for many a Montreal victory. This Richard is Maurice's kid brother Henri, a young man whose diminutive size (5 feet 7, 160 pounds) has earned him the belittling title, Pocket Rocket. He also happens to be one of the best centers in hockey, if not the best.

"Henri Richard is typical of the men on our team. He is like all French Canadians," says Toe Blake, himself the son of a French Canadian mother. "They love to skate. Hockey is a way for them to succeed. They all want to play for the Canadiens. They are comfortable here."

Henri Richard, the seventh of eight children of a Canadian Pacific Railroad worker, never thought of doing anything else but playing hockey. "I always play hockey," he says. "I never worked a day in my life."

Henri gives Maurice (the oldest child) little credit for his own hockey playing. "Maurice is more like an uncle than a brother. He is 15 years older. I teach myself everything," he says proudly. Henri was 19 when he joined the Canadiens in 1955. "Henri helped Maurice more than the other way around," says young Selke. "He has fantastic speed. He made Maurice dig hard to keep up. Nobody can get the puck like he can. He has incredible stamina and moves as fast in the third period as in the first."

"I start to skate before I walk," says Henri. "Maybe even before I talk."

"He still doesn't talk," says Toe Blake. "We didn't hear a word out of him for two years. I told a reporter one time I didn't know if he spoke French or English because I never heard either. He's improved, but I wouldn't describe him as gabby."

"I just wanted to play for the Canadiens. I spent all my time skating, not talking," says Henri, who earns $16,000 a year. "I would play for nothing."

At 15, Henri was playing for a Montreal junior team in Toronto. "Maurice was a big name then," he says. "Everybody knew The Rocket. One day I read the Toronto paper. Somebody called me Pocket Rocket. In those days I would not tell anybody he was my brother. 'We just have the same name, eh? We are not related,' I would say. Now I don't mind the name Pocket Rocket."

The name has, in fact, become a badge of honor on its own. "Henri will never be the scorer his brother was, but he's a better mechanical hockey player," says a top Montreal official. "He's a clutch player," says Toe Blake. "He gets a goal when you need it most."

There is a pleasant custom at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, home ice of the Maple Leaf fans—a custom of hailing an outstanding player on each team as the star of the evening. In a recent bitterly contested game at the Gardens, Montreal lost by a heartbreaking 3-2. Throughout the game, Henri Richard had performed with his usual effectiveness, his body swinging gracefully along the ice, his large No. 16 visible wherever the puck happened to be. Like the rest of the Canadiens, he was crestfallen when the game ended in Toronto's favor, and he sat sullenly on the bench waiting for the evening ritual to be done. "For Montreal," came the star-hailing announcement at last: "Henri Richard!"

POCKET ROCKET GETS READY TO BLAST

Henri skated to the center of the ice, his head down, his stick held high at the waist, as another Richard had often done on another day. The motion was effortless, the skating fluid, the grace something you would expect less at a hockey game than an ice ballet.

"Hell," said a Montreal newsman, watching the scene from the security of the press box. "Why should he be the game star? He didn't even get a goal."

It was a good question. But the answer may be that on the Canadiens everyone is a star. **END**

DOUBLE IMAGE OF A CHAMPION

by FRANK GRAHAM JR.

The chairman of the board of the McCandless Corporation spoke in a deep, cultivated voice as he sat in his 12th-floor office over New York's Vanderbilt Avenue. He is handsome and vigorous, his dark brown hair lightening to gray now on the sides, the ridges of his ears faintly thickened and blurred by the thousands of punches that have grazed them and passed on. Through the fabric of his casual conversation he wove prominent names, obscure words and allusions to some of the 16 other companies he serves as a director. Gene Tunney, healthy, prosperous and eminently respectable, remains at 63 the showpiece of boxing's alumni.

"I don't have the time I once had to devote to literature," Tunney was

Gene Tunney is a magic name in sport, one that evokes an instant and recognizable picture to millions of people, even though it is 35 years since he upset Jack Dempsey and won the heavyweight title. No athlete ever went to more pains to establish a public picture of himself but, incongruously, no athlete ever succeeded in obscuring his own great skills so completely. The story of Tunney then (left, in 1926) and Tunney now is the story of a man who has been almost unbearably successful

saying. "When I return from a business trip I always find that things have piled up terribly. Now I spend a good deal of my time reading these."

He indicated the business reports stacked neatly on his broad desk. "Boxing is another matter, though. I attend a bout occasionally, but I would not consider serving as a federal boxing czar or in any of the other positions my name has been mentioned for. A man of my station has other interests."

The years have not changed Gene Tunney. More aloof from his public than any other great fighter we have had, he was also among the most sensitive to its reactions. It has been 33 years since Jack Dempsey's conqueror retired as undefeated heavyweight champion (or "chompion," as Gene

says it), but he is still acutely conscious of his public image.

Curiously, Tunney's image as a fighter did not grow in proportion to his skill and accomplishments. He is chiefly remembered as a bookish young man who came out of nowhere to tame the wild Dempsey. The meagerness of these recollections implies a similar meagerness in Tunney's career, a distortion he has sometimes compounded. This is hardly fair to his boxing record.

Long before Tunney beat Dempsey in 1926 he was an experienced and highly rated contender. In 1922 he outpointed Battling Levinsky to win the American light heavyweight title. A few months later he lost the title to the tireless Harry Greb. In this, the only defeat Tunney was to suffer in 77 professional fights, he took a terrible beating. His nose was broken in two places, his mouth was cut and both eyes were slashed and closed, prompting Grantland Rice to write that "Greb handled Tunney like a butcher hammering a Swiss steak."

A beating of this kind would have ruined any but the most courageous fighter. Tunney not only stayed on his feet for 15 agonizing rounds but, upon recovering his faculties, demanded a rematch. He outpointed Greb in the return bout, then beat him three more times. During the closing rounds of their last fight, he had the satisfaction of hearing Greb whisper, "Don't knock me out, Gene. Let me stay."

On his way to the first bout with Dempsey, Tunney knocked out Georges Carpentier and Tommy Gibbons (who had withstood Dempsey for 15 rounds at Shelby, Mont. in 1923). But Tunney's best fights were against Dempsey. He won both of them by lopsided margins. Many reporters who saw them claimed that the only round Dempsey won in the two fights was the famous seventh in their second bout, in Chicago, when he knocked Tunney down. Westbrook Pegler described the end of their first bout:

"Dempsey tottered to his corner at the last bell with his left eye sealed shut and the entire left side of his face bulging like some horrible growth, to plunge into the arms of his handlers in collapse. Tunney, unmarked and with the same pained smile that he wore when he entered the ring, turned to his corner, dazed, almost as badly as Dempsey, by the unexpected ease with which he had won."

Jimmy Bronson, an oldtime fight manager who first saw Gene box as a marine during World War I, spoke warmly of his ability during a recent interview. "If either of Tunney's fights with Dempsey had been scheduled for 15 rounds," said Bronson, who is nearly as articulate as Tunney, "he would have knocked Jack out. As it was, both times he had Jack helpless at the end of 10 rounds. Gene was still three or four fights from his peak when he retired. I believe that had he fought another year or two he would have been recognized as the greatest of all heavyweight champions."

Bronson's is not a lone voice. A few years ago a discussion came up among reporters and boxing men about which of the old champions would have had the best chance against Rocky Marciano. The discussion ended in a unanimity rare for boxing circles: Gene Tunney's name led all the rest.

Asked thousands of times who he thinks was the greatest of all fighters, Tunney always looks his interviewer in the eye and replies that it was Dempsey. The unstated but obvious next question: How good was the man who beat the almost unbeatable Dempsey? Tunney lets the interviewer arrive at his own conclusions.

It is ironic that Tunney's skills, not always apparent to the fans, are recalled today with admiration by boxing men and sportswriters. For the fight mob and the writers resented him as champion, believing that Gene "high-hatted" them. To be more specific, the boxing men were appalled by the spectacle of a fighter who directed his own affairs; while the reporters mocked him for the hours he spent reportedly reading Shakespeare, not because sportswriters are necessarily against good literature, but because it made Tunney inaccessible for interviews.

Tunney was honored with a triumphal parade in New York City after he defeated Dempsey and won the heavyweight championship of the world.

The common man's grudge against "Tooney," summed up best perhaps by Will Rogers in his role as spokesman for the people ("Let's have prizefighters with harder wallops and less Shakespeare"), goes deeper and is therefore harder to eradicate. "Tunney wasn't my kind of fighter," an old Maine lobsterman said this fall when talking boxing with a friend. "I was always for a scrapper like Dempsey."

Not wildly popular during his reign as champion, Jack Dempsey was, in retrospect, everybody's hero. To Tunney accrued the emblems of villainy reserved for the man who smashes a public idol. Gene says, "I root for the fighter whom I can identify with." It puzzles him that more Americans weren't able to identify with Gene Tunney.

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If people seldom give Tunney his due as a fighter, they nearly always say that they respect his way of life. The news that he actually read books while training to fight Dempsey excited a great deal of interest. It appealed to the same kind of people who in a later, TV-saturated age got their kicks from watching marines answer questions about cooking and little, white-haired old ladies rattle off batting averages. Tunney's erudition came to light in 1926. Two years later this ambitious son of a Greenwich Village stevedore had completed his self-portrait in the likeness of The American Dream: he became a millionaire and married a beautiful heiress.

His purse for the second Dempsey fight was $990,445.54. He gave Promoter Tex Rickard a check for the difference and accepted Rickard's check for an even $1 million. (Today its framed photostat hangs in Gene's garage, "where every time I drive in I am reminded of those days. It is very gratifying.") The embryonic income tax laws of that time took little of his earnings.

After his retirement in 1928 he made a grand (and private) tour of Europe visiting the British Isles and later hiking through Provence with Thornton Wilder. In Rome he was joined by his fiancée and her family. There, on Oct. 3, 1928, Mary (Polly) Lauder, whose grandfather had been a first cousin of Andrew Carnegie and the first treasurer of the Carnegie Steel Company, became Mrs. Gene Tunney.

Guided by his new friends, Tunney made himself a businessman in the same way he had mastered the left hook or a passage from Shakespeare: by dogged concentration. Today he owns a 200-acre estate in Stamford, Conn. on which he raises white-faced Hereford cattle. He has four children, three boys and a girl (she is named Joan, after the martyred heroine of his friend George Bernard Shaw's most celebrated play), and he shields them from publicity with an insistence he has not always exercised on his own behalf.

When the talk gets around to his family life, Tunney tries to direct it elsewhere; he dislikes the tendency of the press to poke about behind the curtains. "I don't know whether I should talk to such ungentlemanly fellows as you," he once pouted in front of reporters. "You are not independent. You are biased. You write what the public wants. Nice people instinctively steer clear of you."

In his office now Tunney picked up a sheaf of business papers and began a discussion of his association with the McCandless Corporation, a holding company that controls a number of rubber manufacturers, and of his frequent

Tunney criticized George Bernard Shaw novel but in turn was praised by G.B.S.

trips across the country to attend board meetings. He mentioned names like the Pittston Co., Eversharp and Brown Co. Suddenly Tunney paused and looked sharply at his right hand. Its fingers were cramped around the papers in a rigid cluster.

"I've had trouble with my hands for several years," he said. "It's a disease that contracts the tendons in the palms."

He leaned forward, flipped a switch on the office intercom and spoke into it. "Will you write out the name of my disease for this gentleman?"

A moment later his secretary came into the office with a filing card, across which was typed the phrase "Dupuytren's contracture."

"I've had several operations on my hands," Tunney went on, "and they're opening up pretty well, except for the little finger on my right hand. My doctor has assured me the disease did not result from boxing. It may be hereditary. I gave up golf, but it hasn't caused me any real inconvenience. Yet there were times when it was embarrassing for me to shake hands. Someone would be brought over to meet the former heavyweight champion of the world, and all I could offer him was a dead fish."

"What about your clubs, Gene?" his visitor asked.

Once more Tunney flipped the switch and spoke into the office intercom. "My clubs are listed in *Who's Who*, aren't they?" He nodded at his secretary's reply, then turned to the bookcase embedded in the wall behind him. He ran a finger along a row of books. Shakespeare . . . Whitman . . . *The Ring Record Book* . . . the Bible . . . business directories . . . *Who's Who in America*.

A brief check turned up the Metropolitan Club, The Brook, Banshees, Saints & Sinners, Augusta National, Burning Tree and Blind Brook. "Aren't you a member of the New York Athletic Club, too?"

"No, no," Gene said, his tanned face brightening as something came back to him that he hadn't thought about for a long time. "When I was the heavyweight champion, one of my close friends was Henry W. Putnam Jr. He was an outstanding member of the New York AC. Lived there, in fact.

"So Putnam decided that I must become a member too. He submitted my name, and it was approved by the membership committee. Suddenly there was a terrific uproar. Most of the members objected to me on the grounds that I was a professional athlete. The issue was clearly drawn: amateur versus professional. I even got a telephone call from Father Duffy, asking me to withdraw. By this time I was more than willing to forget about it, but it had become an affair of honor with my friend."

Tunney shook his head as he recalled the dispute. "Well, a vote was taken among the membership, and my application was rejected. Men whom I had sailed with on Putnam's yacht couldn't see their way clear to vote for me. Friendships were shattered. Putnam, who had

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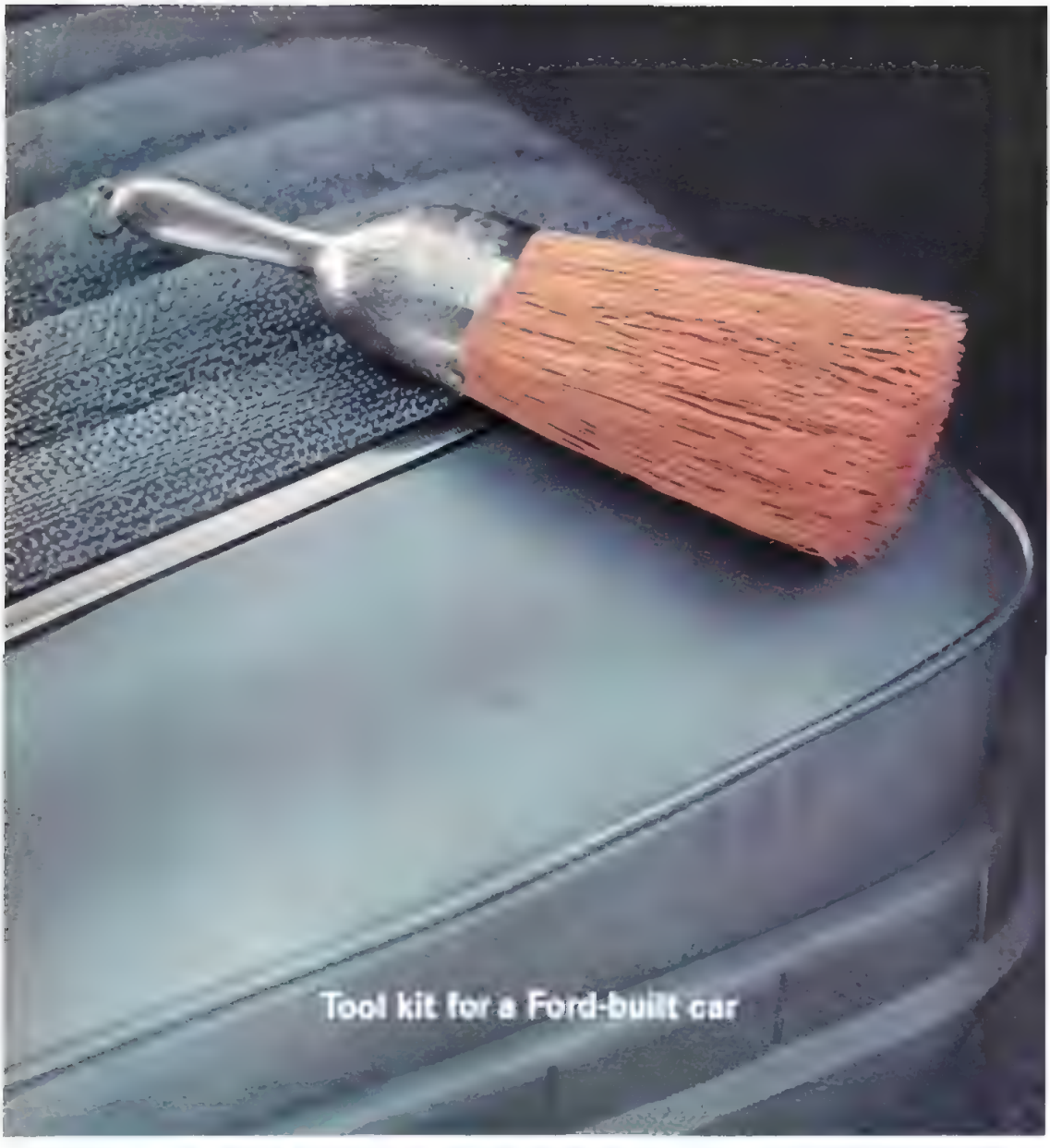

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lived at the club for 20 years, resigned."

"And you've never gone to the club again?"

"Many people since then have tried to get me to join," he said, "but I wouldn't hear of it now. Yet in my heart I know that those people who voted against me were right. The issue was clear. I was a professional, and I didn't belong there."

Tunney sat back, clasped his hands, and the memory was dismissed. "I'm not much of a clubman, anyway. I've just been admitted to The Players, but I have no idea when I'll go. I prefer to meet my friends in restaurants."

"But in public places you're subject to more interruptions."

He shrugged. "I've heard of fighters being molested by pests in restaurants, but I've had very little trouble. Oh, here's a story that might interest you.

"One of my favorite restaurants is the Press Box, east of Lexington Avenue. Polly and I were there having dinner one evening with Westbrook Pegler and his wife. There were four men at the table next to us, and one of them, a little fellow, began to heckle Pegler. When he became rather vicious I got up and walked over and asked him to be quiet. But a moment later he was at it again. I got up and went back to his table.

" 'Now listen to me,' I said. 'I am going to identify myself, so there will be no misunderstanding. I am Gene Tunney. I want all of you to leave this restaurant. Now.'

"I picked the little fellow up by the back of his neck and began to assist him out the door. His friends came along very docilely. I could see they were embarrassed, and when the little fellow had left, two of his friends stayed behind.

" 'Do you mind if we have a drink at the bar before we leave?' one of them asked me.

" 'No, of course not,' I said.

" 'Will you *join* us for a drink?' the fellow asked.

" 'Of course,' I said.

"I could see that they were very much embarrassed. One of them told me he had never been thrown out of a place before.

" 'If you hang around with *that* little fellow,' I said, 'you'll be thrown out of a great many places.'

"Finally they asked me if they could stay and have dinner, provided they ate in another room. I told them I certainly had no objection to that. They were really quite nice."

Tunney's clear blue eyes came alive with laughter. "I understand the little fellow never came back. Perhaps he thought the Press Box employed Gene Tunney as a bouncer."

It is the dream of a large part of mankind to be able to boast, as John L. Sullivan did, "I can lick any man in the house." Like Sullivan, Tunney could once boast (tastefully, of course) of licking any man in the house—or the world. But it has been his ambition to impress his fellows as much with his intellect as with his fists. Since America solicits the opinions of her athletic champions on matters ranging from juvenile delinquency to breakfast foods, Gene's victory over Dempsey provided him with a rostrum from which to air his opinions about literature.

Asked in 1927 for his appraisal of G. B. Shaw's prizefight novel, *Cashel Byron's Profession*, Tunney replied with all the directness of a straight right: "Cashel Byron is stupid and boring. He is always on a soapbox. Shaw knows nothing about boxing—or women."

To which Shaw is reported to have made the petulant reply: "If Tunney thinks he can write a better story about 19th-century boxing, let him try."

Looking back on the incident now, Tunney grinned the grin of a man who feels he has been proved right. "Sometime later, when I got to know Shaw, he told me that he'd never said any such thing. What he really told the reporters was: 'Did Tunney say that? Why, that boy has acute literary perception. My early novels were just readable enough to be intolerable.' "

Tunney, as champion, made one of his most celebrated appearances as a lecturer before Professor William Lyon Phelps's Shakespeare class at Yale.

During World War II, Tunney, commissioned as a lieutenant commander, directed a physical fitness program for the U.S. Navy in the States and the South Pacific.

"I don't know whether Shakespeare is truly embedded in Gene's soul," Phelps once told a friend, "but I do know that he can quote as extensively as anyone I've known."

Even Dempsey had a comment when he heard of Gene's lecture. "If it helps his racket," Jack shrugged, "why not?"

Unfortunately, Tunney's inclination to poetry has encouraged a manner that obscures the qualities that his friends admire. The public sees one Tunney, his friends another. The verbal façade he built as a young man is responsible for many of the apparent contradictions in his personality.

"When you ask what kind of guy Gene is," one boxing man said recently, "you've got to specify *where*—and *when*. In public he is apt to make high-sounding

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speeches, and then he usually puts his foot in his mouth. But in a small group of people he's interesting and genuine. And there's nobody around who's been more generous to guys who need help. Too bad, but it's the public Tunney that gets in the papers."

In Tunney's office now, the talk moved from Shaw and Shakespeare to American literature, and Gene spoke of his admiration for Ernest Hemingway.

I mentioned Dempsey before," he said. "Now Dempsey has always seemed to me an especially gentle man. Completely lovable outside the ring. But Hemingway was really a brute.

"Whenever I went to Cuba, where Ernesto lived, I'd call him and go out to his home. We'd spar sometimes. Barehanded, no gloves. One day I was demonstrating a move that a friend of mine, a fellow who got his start on the docks, had shown me. This fellow had lost the thumb on his left hand, but his four fingers were like steel.

"In fact, they called him Fingey. He would get in a brawl with somebody and show his overhand right like this, and when the sucker looked up, Fingey would come in low, this way, with that left hand and dig his fingers into the fellow's groin."

Tunney shook his head in admiration. "When Fingey got a man like that, the poor fellow toppled face forward. Well, I showed this maneuver to Ernesto.

" 'Try it again,' he asked me.

"I was merely demonstrating, of course, but when I went in with my left hand, Hemingway shot his right elbow into my mouth. If I hadn't had strong teeth, he would have knocked them out. As it was, he cut my mouth."

At this point Tunney went into action in his chair, shifting his shoulders, moving his hands before him. "I shoved Ernesto back against the wall—quickly—and threw a short left which I pulled at the last fraction of a second and laid against his chin. Then I did the same with my right. Bang! Bang! Hemingway went white. It was the only time I ever saw the man flustered."

"They say only a sucker tries to beat a man at his own game," his visitor said.

"That's right," Gene chuckled. "I certainly wouldn't have attempted to beat Ernesto at writing."

Nevertheless, Tunney has said his piece on any number of matters outside boxing. He has been especially eloquent on the subject of smoking. During the reign of Joe Louis as heavyweight champion, Gene was invited to speak at a boxing writers' dinner. He devoted his time to a discussion of tobacco.

Among other things, he claimed that if Louis were to smoke two packs of cigarettes each day for a month, he, Gene Tunney, would come out of retirement and beat him. Louis sat next to the microphone when Tunney spoke. As Joe left the building, he met Toots Shor, the saloonkeeper.

"You didn't have a cigarette in your kisser while Gene was making that speech, did you?" Toots asked him.

A sly look came over Louis' face, and he shook his head. "No, sir," he said. "I afraid Mr. Tooney he hit me."

A lapse on the scholarly Tunney's part led to a flurry of newspaper nonsense in the 1930s. As the dilettante sports editor of a publication called *The Connecticut Nutmeg*, he revived the old argument about a man's chances in hand-to-hand combat with a gorilla. Gene declared himself on the side of humanity. He claimed that a good left hook in the stomach would demoralize an ape.

"He didn't spend years doing bending and mat exercises," Tunney wrote of the gorilla. "A man has 24 ribs. Your encyclopedia will tell you that a gorilla has but 13. . . . Twenty-four ribs are much more protection than 13."

He went on to claim that Gargantua, the world's most celebrated circus gorilla, could be beaten by "any one of a dozen third-rate heavyweights I know." The newspapers took up the discussion. Someone advanced the name of Two-Ton Tony Galento, then in his heyday, as a suitable opponent for Gargantua, a nomination Galento brusquely declined.

The tempest subsided when a studious reporter checked *his* encyclopedia and found that Tunney's research had been somewhat deficient: a gorilla has 13 *pairs* of ribs, one more pair than a man.

A more rewarding crusade has come out of Gene's passion for physical fitness. During World War II he served as

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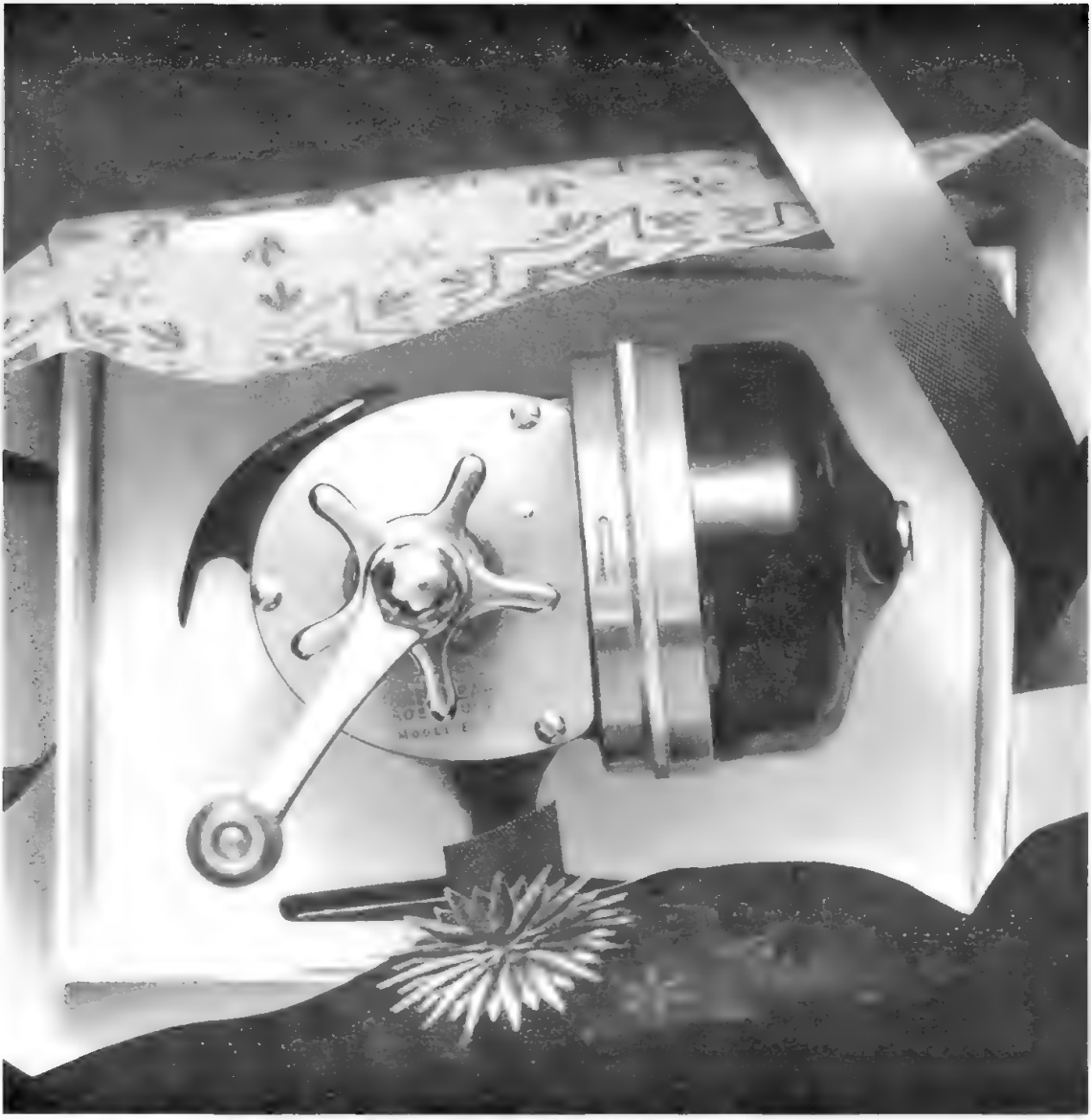

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a lieutenant commander and later as a commander—in charge of the Navy's conditioning program. No one could have taken the job more seriously. In his war against the potbelly ("which eventually leads to a moral collapse") he even designed a special slenderizing device for portly sailors.

Today, though his tastes in food and drink are rich, Tunney is a splendid product of sensible conditioning. His weight never goes above 220 pounds, or below 215. He takes daily setting-up exercises, walks and steam baths. He swims in the spring-fed pond on his Connecticut estate and in the icy waters off Maine, where he has an island summer home. And, despite his poor grip, he plays tennis frequently. In the Gene Tunney of 1961 it is not difficult to see the magnificent athlete of 1926.

"Tunney always enjoyed more and better physical conditioning than anybody he ever fought," Grantland Rice wrote. "He dedicated himself to the task as no other athlete, with the exception of Ben Hogan, ever dedicated himself."

This single-minded devotion to training was, of course, one of the keys to Gene's ultimate success. As a skinny kid growing up on Perry Street in New York's Greenwich Village he became interested in boxing. There were few escapes from the area's pervasive poverty; some of the boys chose the direct, criminal way out, while others, like Gene's brother Tom, joined the police force (where he became a much-decorated detective).

Gene first looked on boxing as a recreation, not as a career. His education was limited to nearby parochial and business schools, and afterward he boxed in the evening recreation center at P.S. 41. By the time he entered the Marines in 1918 as a well-developed young man, he had had 12 professional fights.

In France he displayed his talent before company officers and received permission to take time off from his military duties to train more effectively for Marine boxing shows. When his big chance came, he was ready: he won the light heavyweight championship of the American Expeditionary Force in Paris in 1919.

It was about this time that Gene began to see in boxing the opportunity to seize the wealth, fame and position he had dreamed about for a long time. He had grown supremely sure of himself. Taking up boxing in earnest, he built up his wrists and forearms by squeezing hard rubber balls. To strengthen his brittle hands, he chopped wood one winter in a Canadian logging camp.

He disdained the unhealthy, smoke-filled gyms of New York, preferring the "flower-scented air" of the country training sites. Sure of his destiny now, he applied himself to hours in the gym perfecting his various punches, and other hours on the road building up his wind and legs. He even practiced running backward, in which he achieved a facility that was to serve him well after he arose from The Long Count.

There was more behind Tunney's success, of course, than superb conditioning. While he liked to read, he had a fighter's toughness of mind, as well as body, and he could deal out—or take—a brutal beating. His five brawls with Harry Greb are still looked back on as monuments of their kind.

It is as unsatisfactory to describe the style of a great athlete as it is to transcribe birdsong to the printed page; but it can be said that Tunney was a stand-up fighter, crafty and graceful, with an accurate, cutting jab and one of the most damaging right-hand punches to the body that boxing has known. After two fights with Tunney, Dempsey refused a third because he feared blindness.

Tunney directed his own career once he had established himself as a professional. "I had a manager named Sammy Kelly," Gene recalled, "but he kept making matches without consulting me. I was still very young and I'd say, 'No, I'm not ready for that fellow.'

"Finally, one day Kelly said, 'Well, who the hell *are* you ready for?'

"I made out a list of the men I considered suitable opponents at that stage of my career. Kelly was disgusted. He thought I had no heart. So I went with Doc Bagley, because New York State regulations said that a fighter must have a manager. It was monstrous, but it was the law. I stayed with Bagley until after my first fight with Greb. I had taken a

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frightful beating. Awful. But the next morning Bagley said:

"'You certainly gave me a hard time last night, kid. Working on those cuts. It was rough.'

"While Bagley talked to me, the doctor was sewing up my eyebrows with a big needle. It felt as if he were pulling my eyeballs out. 'Yes,' I told Bagley, 'you had it rough.' But in my mind I said, 'I'm going to get rid of this fellow.' I bought my contract back for $5,000. He didn't want to sell, but I insisted."

Billy Gibson managed him during the period when Tunney was campaigning for a championship fight with Dempsey. "Gibson was a grand old fellow," Gene said, "but at this time he was a menace to me. I didn't know he was suffering from paresis. He made contracts and concessions that I couldn't possibly honor. Later there were all sorts of lawsuits. It cost me a lot of money." Tim Mara, a onetime New York bookmaker and owner of the New York Giants professional football team, and Max (Boo-Boo) Hoff, a Philadelphia bootlegger, brought suits against Tunney for services they claimed to have rendered—Mara on the grounds that he helped to get Gene his first match with Dempsey, Hoff that he had somehow "protected" Tunney's interests in that fight. Only Mara collected—$30,000 from an out-of-court settlement—but Tunney's legal expenses were heavy.

Meanwhile, Tunney worked frantically, and often at cross-purposes with his manager, for a championship fight. He finally signed to meet Dempsey in a 10-round bout in Philadelphia. There, on a rainy September night in 1926, Gene's long quest came to a relatively simple climax. He methodically beat the tar out of Dempsey and became the heavyweight champion of the world.

One year later, on Sept. 22, 1927, the two met once more, this time in Chicago, in the Battle of the Long Count. Tunney reacts to questions about that fight much as a veteran trouper rises to a cue. There is the little start of recognition in his eyes, the involuntary squaring of the shoulders, the flow of familiar words:

"I had been in command of the fight

continued

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through the first six rounds," Tunney recalls. "Then, in the seventh, I started a left lead, and Dempsey crossed his right over it. I never saw the punch clearly, nor do I remember much of what followed. I counted seven blows in all when I saw the movies afterward."

Tunney went down, clinging to the middle strand of rope with his left hand. Referee Dave Barry, acting on the rules of the Illinois boxing commission, tried to get Dempsey to go to a neutral corner. Sensing the kill, Dempsey refused to move. Barry finally led him away, then returned to his position over the fallen Tunney and began the count once more at "one." Some observers claimed that Tunney was on the floor for 14 seconds.

"He was down 17 seconds," insists Jimmy Bronson, who was in Gene's corner. "We had a stopwatch on him."

Tunney is candid: "I have no idea how long I was down. I only know that when I began cerebrating I heard the referee count "2". By "9" my head was clear and I got up."

He survived the round, frustrating Dempsey by the speed with which he kept out of reach; those hours spent running backward had prepared Gene for an exercise in Fabianism of which Shaw must have been proud. Exasperated, Dempsey gave up the chase at one point and motioned to him with his gloves. "C'mon and fight, you son of a bitch!" he snarled.

Dempsey's taunt enraged the young champion, but he continued to circle out of range. Safely back in the corner between rounds, he thought out his problem: how to avoid being hurt again. Alexander the Great, shown the Gordian knot, simply severed it with his sword. Tunney's solution to his own problem was equally direct. When the bell rang for the eighth round, he went out and hit Dempsey on the chin and knocked him down.

From that point on, only Dempsey was in danger of being knocked out. The decision at the end of 10 rounds was clearly Tunney's.

Jack Sharkey now emerged as the most attractive challenger for the heavyweight title. Tunney, however, with an artist's sense of what is right, knew that

his second bout with Dempsey had been the climax of his career; he merely wanted to append a satisfactory coda before withdrawing into retirement. Years of concentration had led up to this moment, and he was determined not to leave anything to chance. As the foil for his last bout, he chose a game, durable and somewhat less than dangerous New Zealander named Tom Heeney.

Nobody, apparently, wanted to see Tunney fight Heeney—except Tunney. *Tex Rickard lost $150,000 on the promotion* of the fight, which took place in New York on July 26, 1928. The fight itself developed into what boxing men call a "pigsticking."

Let me give you a story I've never completely told before," Gene said. "I was in my best form for this fight. Absolutely indefatigable. I was determined to knock Heeney down with my first punch. I walked out and hit him with a straight right hand– a terrific blow but he didn't go down.

" *'Oh, oh!' I said to myself, 'this fel*low is tough.' I decided then to box him. For four rounds I hit him so often about the head that my wrist began to get sore and I shifted to his body. Then in the eighth round I hit him again with another solid right, just above the eye. I saw Heeney back away, trying to pry open his eye with his glove, even though the eye hadn't been closed.

"I knew what had happened. I had had two personal friends lose the sight of an eye after being hit in that spot. It damages the blood vessel, you know. Heeney had been temporarily blinded. I stepped back and did not hit him again for the rest of the round.

"Between rounds it was my habit to observe my opponent's corner. I saw Jimmy Dawson, a boxing writer, rush over to ask Charley Harvey, who managed Heeney, what had happened. Then I saw Harvey make a jabbing motion *with his thumb, implying that I had* stuck my thumb in Heeney's eye."

Tunney shook his head at the old memory. "I was furious," he said. "For the next two rounds I gave Heeney a terrible beating—the worst beating of his life, and all because of his manager. But in the 11th round he was still rushing me. 'There's heart!' I said to myself. I

continued

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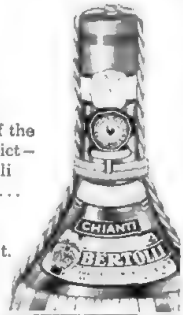

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GENE TUNNEY *continued*

evaded him, and he almost fell. Then I turned to the referee and said:

"'If you want me to go on hitting this man, I won't be responsible for the consequences.' And he stopped the fight."

"Have you ever seen Heeney since?" Gene's visitor asked.

"Well," Tunney said, "this is very interesting. During the last war I made a trip to the Solomon Islands. I found that Heeney was also there—he had become an American citizen and a first-class seaman in the Seabees. I had him transferred, which was a very difficult thing to do, and made a chief athletic specialist, tripling his pay.

"Now sometime after the war I ran into Ernest Hemingway, and he said, 'Tom Heeney tells me you were a dirty fighter.'

"'Tom Heeney said that? Do you mind if I ask him about it?'

Hemingway said he had no objections. So the next time I was in Miami I took a cab over to Heeney's bar on the Beach. I walked in and had a Martini, but there was no sign of Tom. Then a woman came over and said she was Mrs. Heeney. She said that some men at the bar had told her I was Gene Tunney.

"She called Tom, who was at his apartment, and when he arrived I repeated what Hemingway had told me.

"'Yes, Gene,' Heeney said. 'You *were* a dirty fighter.'

"'Tom, I don't understand you,' I said. 'Would it be reasonable for me to try to maim you, and then immediately step back and allow you to recover?'

"Heeney had to admit that it wouldn't be at all reasonable. Well, we parted friends, but I don't know even today if that man believed in his heart that I was telling the truth."

As his visitor was preparing to leave, the retired undefeated heavyweight champion got to his feet.

"Remember just one thing when you write this story," Gene Tunney said. "I would never want to hurt any of my friends' feelings. Life is too short for me now. I would like to think that I have the goodwill of all my friends, and not their bad report." END

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The Middies Mock the Odds

In 1946 Navy's inspired team gave the undefeated Cadets a game they would never forget

by MAURY ALLEN

When Navy Football Captain Leon Bramlett was asked before the Army-Navy game 15 years ago what his team's chances were, he replied, "Last year I thought we would beat Army. This time I know we will."

Bramlett's words, however, seemed to be nothing more than the brave boast of a team captain. For Navy had lost seven straight games in 1946, and Army had only a scoreless tie with Notre Dame to mar its third perfect season in a row. Going into the Navy game, the last on its schedule, Army had rolled through 26 games without a loss and scored 1,158 points while holding its opponents to a meager 143. Although Coach Earl Blaik had lost All-America Tackles Tex Coulter and Al Nemetz and All-America Guard Johnny Green from his 1944 and 1945 national championship teams, All-America Ends Barney Poole and Hank Foldberg, Quarterback Arnold Tucker and, best of all, Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard had returned in 1946.

Blanchard, a three-time All-America fullback, was extremely fast for a 200-pounder (he ran the 100 in 10 seconds flat) and could generate tremendous explosive hitting power from a standing start.

As for Glenn Davis, he could do just about everything. "He was the most exciting athlete I ever saw at West Point," Joe Cahill, the Army publicity director, said recently. "He had an athlete's intuition and knew what to do at all times. He was a wonderful basketball player,

continued

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Middies Mock the Odds continued

was good enough in baseball to be considered by the Dodgers and was an outstanding sprinter in track. With a football under his arm, there was just no one like him."

Army was made a 28-point favorite before the game, but it could just as well have been 56 points. Navy was quarterbacked by a youngster named Reeves Baysinger, and the experts were convinced he didn't have the experience, the

LEGENDARY CADETS Glenn Davis (41) and Doc Blanchard played their last game.

speed or the ability to match Tucker. What's more, Navy stars Pistol Pete Williams, Bramlett, Lynn Chewning and Bill Hawkins were just names on a program to the 102,000 people (including President Harry S. Truman, munching a hot dog and sipping hot chocolate) who wedged into Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium on November 30, 1946. Navy Captain Bramlett won the toss of the coin and elected to receive. After fumbles by both teams Army ended up with the ball on its own 37-yard line.

In four quick plays the Cadets scored their first touchdown. A line buck gained two yards. Then Davis took a lateral from Tucker, whisked past the Navy secondary and streaked 46 yards before he was brought down from behind. After Blanchard hit the middle of the line for a yard, Tucker took the snap from center, stepped back and hit Davis. He ran 13 yards for the touchdown. Guard Jack

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Ray converted, and Army led 7-0. The game was less than five minutes old, and the only issue in doubt appeared to be the size of the final score.

But Navy surprised everyone in Municipal Stadium with their spirited play at the end of the quarter and the start of the second period. With short ground spurts and quick passes, Baysinger took his team to the one-foot line. Then he plunged over himself for the touchdown. Navy missed the conversion, and Army still led—but only by one point.

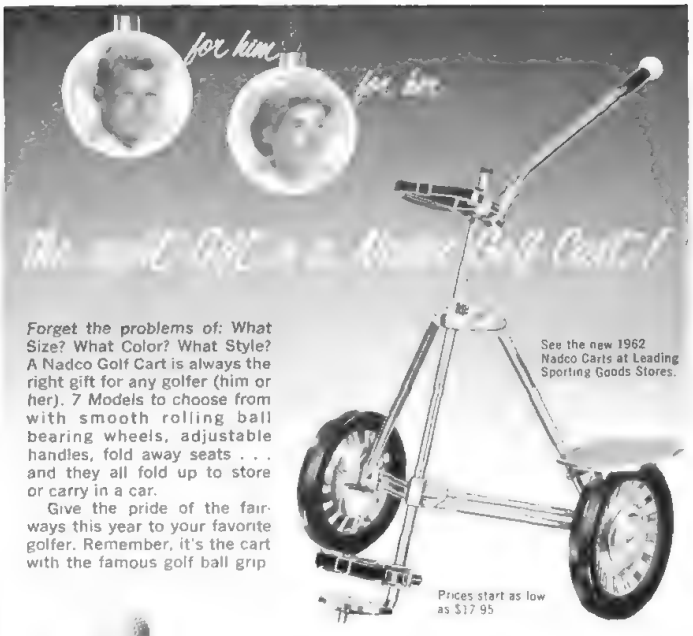
Embarrassed by the closeness of the score, Army opened up on Navy almost immediately. Blanchard bulled through the center of the line, ran past the secondary and went 52 yards for a touchdown. Ray converted again and Army had a 14-6 lead. Later in the quarter, Tackle Bill Yeomans intercepted a Baysinger pass to stop a Navy drive. Army again moved swiftly. Tucker flipped a lateral to Davis, who then dropped a perfect pass into Blanchard's outstretched hands. Doc hustled the remaining 26 yards for the score, Ray kicked his third extra point and Army led Navy by a more respectable 21-6.

In the second half, however, Navy played as if it had never heard of Army's Blanchard, Davis and Co. About midway through the third period, Bill Hawkins plunged over from two yards out after a 78-yard Navy drive downfield. Hawkins missed the try for the extra point, but the way Navy was playing, it didn't seem to matter. Early in the fourth quarter Bramlett took a pass from Halfback Bill Earl in the end zone, and Navy had another touchdown. The conversion attempt failed again, and Navy trailed Army only by the margin of the three missed conversions.

As the game came down to its final seven and a half minutes, Navy still controlled the ball. In little chunks of three, four and five yards, the Middies edged ever closer to the Army goal line. With fourth down on the Army 23, Chewning broke off tackle and scampered to the Army three-yard line before he was finally hauled down.

Navy had four downs, 90 seconds and three yards to go for a touchdown and what *The New York Times* said would be "the upset of the ages."

Baysinger handed off to Chewning, but Hank Foldberg and Goble Bryant ripped through the Navy line to stop the hard-charging fullback for no gain. Now it was second down and still three yards to go. Chewning took the ball



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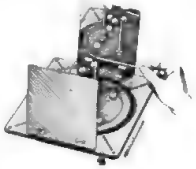

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again, and this time Poole smashed him to the ground for no gain.

Just 60 seconds were left on the clock. Before the next play could begin, however, Navy was penalized five yards for taking too many time-outs. Now they had to go eight yards in two tries.

The Middies shifted quickly from the T to a single-wing formation. The ball was snapped back to Hawkins. He took two steps forward and then lateraled to Williams. Army had the play diagnosed,

IN TYPICAL PLAY Davis streaks for pass, with Blanchard (35) trailing behind him.

however, and Williams was snowed under by a mass of Army tacklers at the five-yard line.

Fifty-three precious seconds had gone by. There were just seven seconds left to play. Part of the huge crowd was pressed against the sidelines. Navy Coach Tom Hamilton sent in a substitute in a frantic effort to stop the clock. But the officials didn't see him in time. The second hand on the clock kept moving, and suddenly, before Navy could start another play, the gun went off. Army had held, and their undefeated streak was intact. Blanchard and Davis had played their last game for Army, and an era had ended at West Point.

"That was the most inspired Navy team I ever saw," said Coach Blaik. "You can take a team that is supposed to be inferior and by a great spiritual lift do wonders." END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL FRANK ROBINSON, Cincinnati Reds' complete outfielder, won the National League's Most Valuable Player award for 1961. An excellent hitter, Robinson batted .323, hit 37 home runs, drove in 124 runs and stole 22 bases to provide most of the scoring punch for Cincinnati's first pennant winner in 21 years. Robinson was almost a unanimous select on. He was named on 23 of the 24 first-place ballots and was 102 points ahead of runner-up Orlando Cepeda, the San Francisco Giants' first baseman-outfielder.

BASKETBALL (PRO)—AMERICAN BASKETBALL LEAGUE showed a promising balance, especially in the Eastern Division, where the first-place Pittsburgh Rens held only a 4-game advantage over the last-place Washington Tapers. In the Western Division first-place Kansas City won three straight and increased its lead to 3 games over the second-place Los Angeles Jets. Good overall defense has kept the ABL scoring average to 98.2 points a game per team. Bill Bridges, Kansas City forward, leads the league with an average of 24.5 points a game. Pittsburgh's Connie Hawkins has scored the most points, 237, and is second in rebounding at 12.5 per game. NBA, Eastern Division: BOSTON (13-2) continued to play nearly perfect basketball. A sound defense and well-distributed scoring—usually five men or more hit for close to 20 points a game—gave the Celts four straight victories and lengthened their lead to 4½ games over PHILADELPHIA (10-8). The Warriors worked their rookies more, won 2 games while losing 1. SYRACUSE (7-10) was unable to score and defend in the same game, lost 3 and won 1. NEW YORK (7-13) kept the scores close but missed injured Willie Naulls, also lost 3 and won 1, to stay in last place.
NBA, Western Division: LOS ANGELES (15-5) twice lost to the Pistons and saw its lead drop to 4 games as CINCINNATI (11-9) split 4. DETROIT (8-9) moved to within 1½ games of second place. ST. LOUIS (7-12) had its trade with the Packers approved but still lost 3 games while winning 1. CHICAGO (3-14) won its third game of the season but was still last, far off the pace.

BOWLING DON CARTER won the World Invitational tournament for the fourth time in five years, in Chicago. Marge Merrick beat Marion Ladewig, the defending champion, to win the women's title.

BOXING SUGAR RAY ROBINSON sharpened up his punching eye, knocked down Al Hauser four times in the sixth round with a series of left hooks before the referee stopped the fight, in Providence. Ray is scheduled to meet both Wilfie Greaves and Dennis Moyer within the next two months.

CHESS NONNA GAPRINDASVILI, a 20-year-old Russian, won the women's world challengers' chess tournament, at Vrnjacka Banja, Yugoslavia. Miss Gaprindasvili has now earned the right to meet Elizabeth Bykova, also of Russia, for the 1962 world title. Lisa Lane and Mrs. Gisela Gresser, both of the U.S., tied for 12th.

CROSS-COUNTRY JOHN J. KELLEY, a U.S. Olympic marathoner, beat 137 men and 3 women to win the Manchester five-mile road race, in Manchester, Conn. Two of the men and one woman failed to complete the race. Mrs. Chris McKenzie, wife of English Olympic Runner Gordon McKenzie (he finished fourth), dropped out, though she was leading the three women because she believed it would violate the rules of the race if she crossed the finish line. Julia Chase, a Smith College sophomore, was timed in 33.40 and unofficially placed 128th.
MICHIGAN STATE beat Penn State for the IC4A team title, but Steve Machooka, Cornell sophomore from Kenya, won the individual championship at Van Cortlandt Park, New York. Running through sleet in near-freezing temperatures, Machooka led most of the way and outdistanced runner-up Gerald Norman of Penn State by 50 yards. The winner's time for the five-mile course was 26:02.9.

FOOTBALL (PRO) AFL, Eastern Division: HOUSTON, in the only significant game on a slim schedule, beat DENVER 45–14, now has a full-game, first-place lead over BOSTON. NEW YORK defeated BUFFALO 21–14, as Dick Felt's 55-yard run-back with an intercepted pass gave the Titans the go-ahead score. The Titans remain third, 1½ games out, and the Bills last.
AFL, Western Division: In the only game played, Dallas literally ran over OAKLAND 43–11. Texan Halfback Abner Haynes scored a record five touchdowns running, and gained 158 rushing, another record.
NFL, Eastern Conference: NEW YORK won another big game, beat CLEVELAND 37–21. The victory maintained the Giants' 1-game lead and dropped the Browns to third place, 2 games out with only 3 left to play. PHILADELPHIA Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen threw for five touchdowns, and the Eagles defeated DALLAS 35–13 to remain close behind the leader. PITTSBURGH edged ST. LOUIS 30–27 with a last-second field goal, and took over fourth place. The Cowboys were next, followed by the Cards. WASHINGTON gained a total of 97 yards, lost to BALTIMORE 27–6 and was last in the division.
NFL, Western Conference: GREEN BAY struggled to a 17–9 victory over DETROIT to clinch a playoff berth. SAN FRANCISCO beat MINNESOTA 38–28 and moved into a tie with the Lions. CHICAGO defeated LOS ANGELES 28–24 to share third place with the Colts. The Rams were next, followed by the last-place Vikings.
HAMILTON TIGER-CATS came from 18 points back to tie the Toronto Argonauts 27–27 and then won the total-point series in overtime, 35–27 in Hamilton, Ont. The victory gave the Cats Canadian football's Eastern Conference title.

GOLF FRANK PHILLIPS, Sydney professional, held on to an early lead to win the Australian Open Championship, in Melbourne. Phillips shot a 275, former British Open Champion Kel Nagle was second with 277. Gary Player tied Bruce Devlin for third at 279.

HOCKEY NHL: MONTREAL (11-5-5), TORONTO (13-6-3) and NEW YORK (10-6-6) shifted in and out of the lead as if caught in a revolving door. The Rangers held first place early in the week but lost it on Saturday after a 6–0 defeat by the Leafs. The Canadiens then took over but had to make room at the top for the Leafs, who won 3 straight and tied Montreal at 27 points.

HORSE RACING KELSO, owned by Mr. Richard C. duPont, was named Horse of the Year for the second successive time. The 4-year-old gelding, a son of Your Host-Maid of Flight, by Count Fleet, won seven out of nine races in 1961. Carry Back was chosen the 3-year-old of the year, Crimson Satan, the best 2-year-old; and Peal, the steeplechaser of the year.
HILLSBOROUGH ($14.40), owned by Peter Fuller, manager of heavyweight title challenger Tom McNeeley, easily won the $55,400 Display Handicap, at Aqueduct, N.Y. Ridden by Don Pierce, Hillsborough covered the two miles of sloppy track in 3:29 4/5 to finish six lengths in front of Polylad.

SOCCER—HOWARD UNIVERSITY of Washington, D.C. beat Newark College of Engineering 3–2 to win the NAIA championship, at Lock Haven, Pa. Cecil Durham kicked the winning goal with 15 seconds left to play and rose Newark's 23-game unbeaten streak.
WEST CHESTER (Pa.) STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE beat St. Louis University, the defending champion, 2–0, to win the national collegiate championship in St. Louis. West Chester scored its first goal on a free kick early in the final period, four minutes later scored again when Inside Right Joe Brownholtz booted the ball 45 yards into the upper left-hand corner of St. Louis' goal.

SWIMMING COLGATE scored in every event except the diving to win the Eastern Collegiate Swimming Association's Relay Carnival at New York. With six victories and two second-place finishes in nine events, the Colgate swimmers tallied 104 points to 90 for runner-up NYU.

TENNIS ROY EMERSON, Australian and U.S. titleholder, defeated Neale Fraser 3–6, 6–2, 6–3, 6–2 for the South Australian tennis championship at Adelaide, Australia. Fraser, the world's No. 1 amateur until a knee injury and operation forced him to rest for nearly a year, showed almost a complete return to form as he eliminated Wimbledon champion Rod Laver in a five-set semifinal match. Margaret Smith beat Darlene Hard in the women's finals 6–4, 5–7, 6–4.

MILEPOSTS—RETIRED DAN FERRIS, 72, from his policy-making post as Honorary Secretary of the AAU, at New York. Ferris relinquished his position as AAU secretary-treasurer in 1957 after 30 years as an AAU official, but continued in charge of foreign affairs.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

26, 27 Ne le fer, **28, 29**—Marvin E. Newman, **30, 31** Neil Leifer (2), upper right, Art Shay, **32, 33** Art Shay, **56** Ph o Bu ma , **62** Ne e Schortmar **64**—Ph Both **68**—Tony Tr ola, **69** Ne Yo k Yankees **70** **71** Alfred Eisenstaedt/LIFE **72** FPG **74, 77** A.P. **91** A.P., Canada Pictures, Ltd **92**—Terence Spencer, **96**—Earl Seibert-Minneapolis Star & Tribune.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JAMES PRIGOFF, 34, of New Rochelle, N.Y., a three-sport star at MIT who turned to squash tennis "when I started to get fat" and became national champion, won Norman Torrence Memorial tournament at Harmonie Club, defeated Henry Stanton in final.

JOHN LAWSON, 17, year-old Kansas City, Kans. high school senior, broke the state interscholastic two-mile cross-country record, running the distance in nine minutes 43 seconds, shaving nine seconds off the former mark. Lawson has lost only once in two years.

MARILYN FROEHLICH, 120-pound Farmingdale, N.Y. housewife, shot an 80-pound buck in the Sullivan County (N.Y.) archery deer hunt with her second arrow from 30 yards away, became the first woman to take a deer with bow and arrow in eight years of the event.

JOE AITCHESON JR., 29, of Laurel, Md., who at 131 pounds is too heavy to ride flat races, leads the nation's steeplechase riders despite football shoulder pads he wears to protect broken collarbone. Aitcheson rode Seroual to Gold Cup record victory at Ligonier, Pa. track.

LORING PEIRCE, a 17-year-old Evanston Township (Ill.) high school senior, did 4,800 sit-ups in three hours, broke the school record by 3,400. Peirce, a member of the swimming team, began push-ups and sit-ups when he was a freshman as part of weight-lifting training.

GAIL ROSS, 19, of Edmonton, Alta., competing with a broken jaw suffered in an automobile crash only six weeks ago, rode Pinnacle, a chestnut gelding, to a one-point victory after a jump-off at the Royal Horse Show in Toronto, gained the Open Jumper championship.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS

IN THE SMOG

Sirs:

The simple truth about Los Angeles sports (*Apathy in Smogsville*, Nov. 13) is that the well-known goose that laid the golden eggs has overexerted, hence the goose eggs at the box office. Too much of a good thing. There is an unemployment situation here (despite what the Department of Labor says), business is in the doldrums and the average fan feels that he can better enjoy a do-it-yourself sport, with less outlay of cash, than a spectator sport.

Besides all this, the modern Los Angeleno generally hails from out of state and consequently has very little civic pride. He's the man who still says he is "going home" when he leaves for a visit to his family in the East or Midwest. When the team from his home town comes to Los Angeles, then he may bestir himself and go to the game to cheer *that* team, not the LA team.

PAT TAYLOR

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Usually I read your magazine just before going to bed, because it puts me to sleep. But after reading *Apathy in Smogsville* I just couldn't go to sleep until I told you what a lousy article it was.

If Roger Williams calls UCLA's 1960 record (7-2-1) a losing one, then I hope the Bruins have more losing seasons. In the future please don't print anything that will keep me up at night.

JEFF LITOW

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

Mr. Williams refers to a "ho-hum student attitude" at USC resulting in insufficient student attendance in our rooting section and causing us to cancel our traditional half-time card stunts. What he didn't know is that it has become our custom in the past few years to cancel the card stunts at one game per year to allow a collection to be taken in the stands for the support of Troy Camp, our student-sponsored summer camp for underprivileged children. Regarding attendance at the USC-Illinois game, our card section seats 3,200 students; 2,965 of the seats were filled.

HUGH HEFNER

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Can you tell me of any other city in the entire United States that can match our two major league baseball teams, two fine universities, two pro basketball teams, one pro football team, literally hundreds of high school and junior college teams which participate in sports, fine facilities for baseball (Chavez Ravine), football (Coliseum—100,000), basketball (Sports Arena—40,000), etc., etc.? If Los Angeles isn't the sports capital of the world, then would you please tell me what city is?

MICHAEL MATTHAY

Los Angeles

Sirs:

We resent being called Smogsville.

CHRIS KANSI

Los Angeles

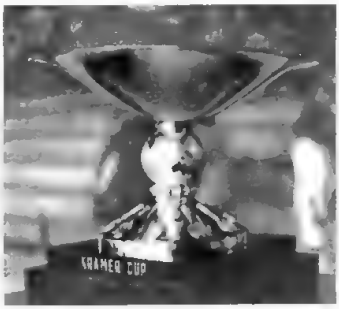
NEW CUP

Sirs:

Thanks for keeping us tennis buffs informed on the pros (*The Kramer Cup Runneth All Over the Court*, Nov. 20). However, if, as you predict, the Kramer Cup will supplant the Davis Cup I for one would like to know what it looks like.

MARK DURYEA

New York City



THE KRAMER CUP, PRO TENNIS' PRIZE

● For a view of the pro cup which stands 42 cm. high and cost $4,000, see above. —ED.

ROSE-BOWL-COLORED

Sirs:

Your man Alfred Wright must have observed the Ohio State-Iowa game through Rose-(Bowl)-colored glasses (*Two Big Decisions*, Nov. 13). If Joe Sparma, or any other OSU quarterback, dared call a play on his own, Woody Hayes would give him 30 lashes and a revised "contract." At least 83,795 of us who were there know that

TAKE OVER

Woody has sent in every play for the past two years.

J. WAYNE BAUSER

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

We, the members of the Fergy Fan Club of Phillips Academy, cannot begin to express our gratitude for your recognition of Ohio State Fullback Bob Ferguson.

We have felt from the beginning of the year that Mr. Ferguson is the most awesome creature ever to slip into a gray-and-red OSU uniform—and your article, with the full-color action photograph accompanying it, more than sufficiently held up our belief.

GEORGE F. ANDREWS
JOHN COWDEN

Andover, Mass.

Sirs:

In the future please don't refer to the Woody Hayes offense as "three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust" (SCORECARD, Nov. 20).

As any Ohio schoolboy could tell you, that adds up to a fourth-and-one situation after three running plays. And on a fourth down with only one yard to go Woody always punts.

GLENN A. JORDAN

Granville, Ohio

QUICK RESULTS

Sirs:

After reading your article concerning isometric contraction (*Get Strong Without Moving*, Oct. 30), I decided to try this exercise. After just two weeks I find the results amazing. So far I have developed one rupture, one hernia, a dislocated elbow and a slipped disc. My chiropractor sends regards and wishes you to keep up the good work.

DON LINCYCOMB

Greenville, Texas

● You'd better keep an eye on that chiropractor. Meanwhile, for the proper—and painless—way to exercise isometrically, see page 34. ED.

CAGEY

Sirs:

I have one question on your recent article, *Don't Shoot Until I Open the Cage* (Nov. 20).

If game-preserve shooting is called hunting, why even open the cage?

VIC POTVIN

Claremont, N.H.

For an authentic bit of Jamaica, try a *Myers Golden Daiquiri*: ½ lemon or lime juice, ½ rich, spicy Myers Rum. Teaspoonful of sugar, dash of Angostura for each cocktail. Shake or blend with ice, serve with cherry. A memorable drink—thanks to the full and unique flavor of Myers Rum—the spirit of adventure!

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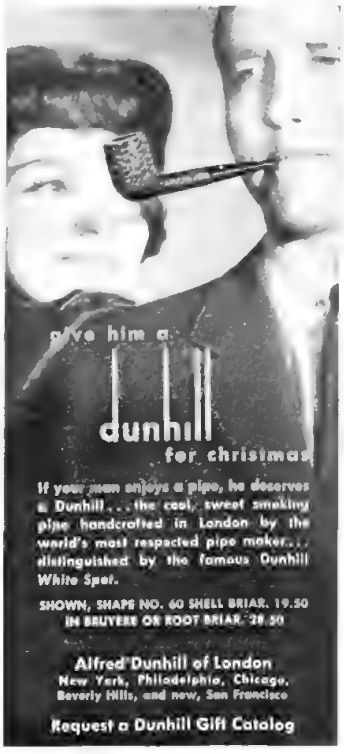

FOR DEAR OLD . . .

Sirs:

Rutgers University started playing football in 1869 by defeating Princeton in the first intercollegiate football game ever played. However, later that same year the Princeton Tigers inflicted a defeat on the Scarlet Knights, and ever since then Rutgers has been hoping for an undefeated season. There have been several near-misses. In 1924 Rutgers won its first seven games only to bow to Bucknell in Philadelphia in the rain and mud in the season's finale. In 1958 Rutgers again won its first seven games but lost to the Quantico Marines 13–12, while star tailback Billy Austin sat on the sidelines with a broken arm (Austin later was named to the AP All-America team). Last season the Scarlet Knights won their first five games but ran into a fired-up Villanova team, which beat them by a disheartening 14–12 count.

This season (Rutgers' 93rd in intercollegiate football) the Scarlet Knights have again run off eight games in a row. The only obstacle between the team and our first undefeated year is Columbia. Last year Rutgers beat Columbia by a score of 43–2. Thus Columbia will be out to avenge that defeat as well as to topple Rutgers from the ranks of the unbeaten. Rutgers will be up for the game not only because of the undefeated angle but also because Rutgers Coach John Bateman used to play and coach at Columbia under Lou Little. This game should be a natural.

MELVYN H. MOTOLINSKY
Highland Park, N.J.

● It was; see FOOTBALL'S WEEK, page 65.
—ED.

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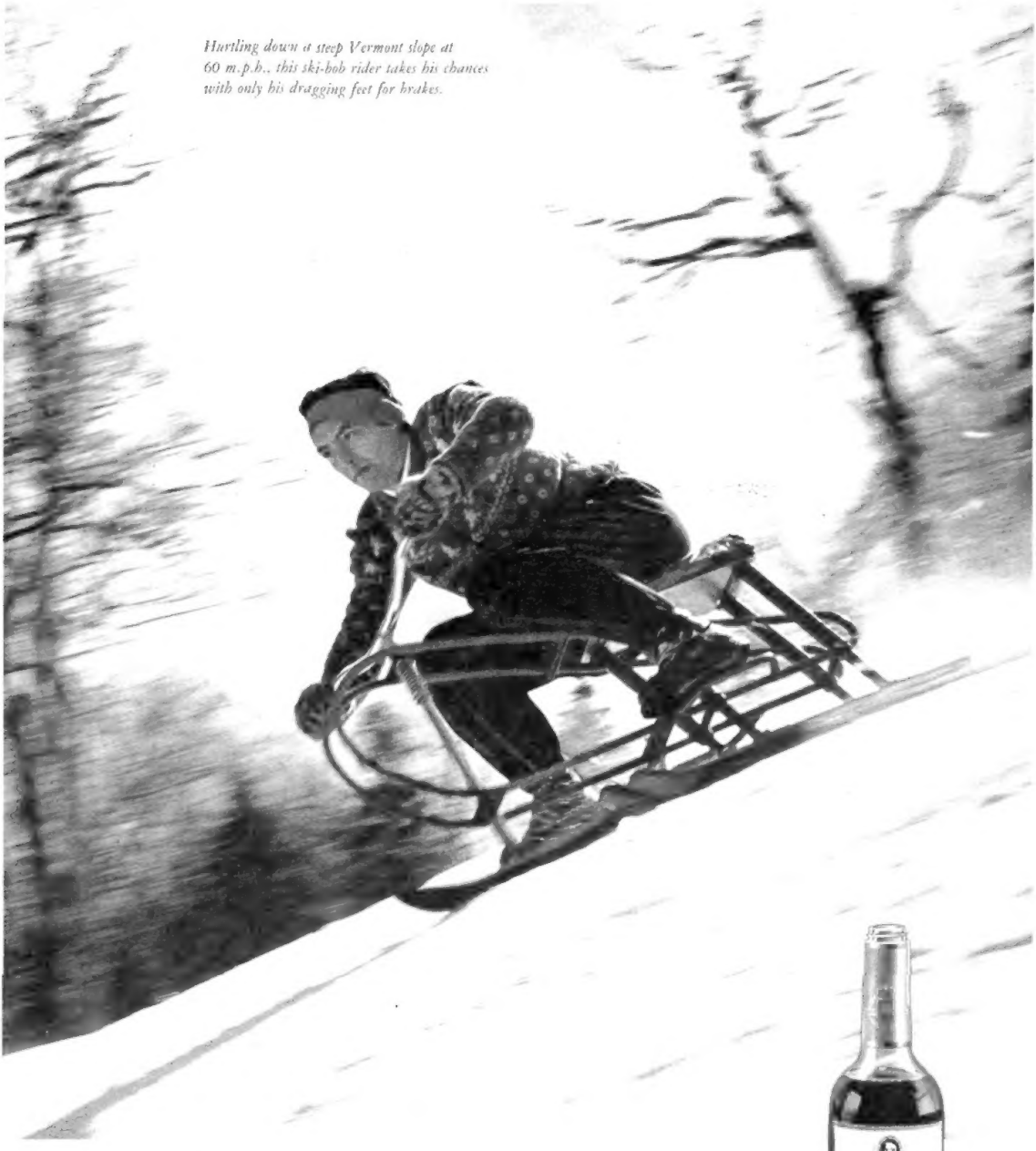
Hurtling down a steep Vermont slope at 60 m.p.h., this ski-bob rider takes his chances with only his dragging feet for brakes.



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TRACY BARNES

Full of hot air

Tracy Barnes, a 22-year-old University of Minnesota student, is a former Army paratrooper who got tired of always coming down. After discharge from the Army he decided, for a change, to go up instead. Aided by his mother in the family backyard at Wayzata, Minn., he got together a sewing machine, some nylon cloth and two tanks of propane gas, and proceeded to make a 70-foot hot air balloon that actually carries him aloft. Thus far Barnes has made six flights, the highest to 8,000 feet. He regulates his flight by the amount of propane gas he burns: the hotter the air, the higher he goes. "It's so serene," he says. "All I can hear is the faint hissing of the burner." Someday, Barnes hopes, hot-air ballooning will become a popular pastime. "My balloon only cost me $300," he says, "and it will support as much as 300 pounds." Barnes's mother is also optimistic. "After parachuting," Mrs. Barnes says, "a balloon looks safe."

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